The New REPUBLIC

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Wednesday October 8, 1930

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by H. N. BRAILSFORD

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Week

EUROPEAN observers have lately turned pessimistic and with good reason. The German election, with its huge gains for the Communists and Fascists, made a bad situation worse; there is talk of suspending parliamentary government again, as was done in July, and having the country ruled for an indefinite period of time by a Directorate under President Von Hindenburg—which seems an ironic way of preserving republican institutions in that unhappy land. France, which fears with good reason that the Hitlerites in Germany may seek to tear up the Treaty of Versailles, return to the old boundaries and cease paying reparations, is in a nervous frame of mind—a condition which always favors the chauvinists. The talk of a general conference to discuss disarmament, heard in Geneva in the past fortnight, has died away, and the League delegates, with visible relief, have postponed this matter, as they did that of Pan-European Union, for another year. The Franco-Italian discussions looking toward limitation of naval armament have come to a stalemate, while relations between Italy and the French satellite, Jugoslavia, are once again acute. There is also tension between Poland and her eastern and western neighbors, and Pilsudski has abandoned even the pretense of parliamentary institutions, at least for the time being. Russia, preparing to invade the markets of the world with her raw materials and manufactured products, fully expects that the capitalistic countries of western Europe will make war upon her in order to keep inviolate their economic preserve. She is drilling the Red Army for such a war, and teaching her civilian population to expect it. Meanwhile, the Balkans remain what they always have been, the powder mine of Europe. The comparatively sudden economic collapse of recent months, almost world-wide and causing tremendous unemployment and suffering, has added to the general unrest.

WHEN you are publicly caught doing something extremely silly, what course should you pursue? Do something even sillier, is the answer of President Hoover and Secretary Hyde, who evidently don't read the advertising for Murads. When Secretary Hyde announced that the Russians, by selling short seven million bushels of wheat, were trying to make the American farmer dye his whiskers red and go in for revolution in a big way, the whole country, including most of the conservative Republican newspapers, burst into one uncontrollable guffaw. Thereupon Secretary Hyde looked sterner still, and proceeded to bring pressure to bear on the Chicago Board of Trade, threatening that unless it should "clean house" the Federal Government—aha!—would intervene. The Board of Trade, therefore, passed a new rule—it ought to be Rule One in such a realm of Alice-in-Wonderland economics—that no government, and least of all those dreadful Bolsheviks, might henceforth sell futures in Chicago. The Board also obligingly expressed its disapproval of bear raids in general, whether by the wicked Russians or by American gamblers engaged in the horrid practice of making money. There are some low-minded wretches in Chicago who say that opposition to bear activity is what Secretary Hyde was really after, anyhow, and that scolding the Russians was just a device to discourage all short selling and thus bring about a bull market, which would help both the farmers, and the Republican party in the November election. We scorn the notion that any

such sordid motive lay behind the good Secretary's indignation; we prefer to think that it was based on righteousness plus an extremely hazy notion of how stock exchanges work.

IF Secretary Hyde can count up to five on his fingers, he might try to remember some interesting facts: (1) If Soviet Russia wanted to reduce the price of wheat in Chicago it could do so precisely as well by acting in Liverpool as through the Windy City. (2) If the Russians should care to go on trading in Chicago, nobody can stop them. All they need do is to employ another set of agents as go-betweens; it is quite impossible, in the rush of a day's trading, when the execution of the average order is a matter of minutes, for the brokers to hire private detectives and look up every customer to see whether he reads Dostoievsky in the original, or has a framed photograph of Lenin in his bathroom. (3) There is not the slightest evidence that Russia has been trying to depress the price of American wheat, either to make our farmers psychopathic or for any other reason. Russia is simply trying to sell some of her own wheat abroad, in order to buy from western Europe and America machinery which she badly needs to carry out the Five Year Plan. She, of course, wants the highest price she can get for whatever she sells. (4) There was a world-wide surplus of wheat, and a critical situation for American wheat farmers, before Russia sold her 7,000,000 bushels short and began to export this year's crop. When the Hoover administration tries to make Russia the scapegoat for the farmer's woes, it comes under suspicion of playing a cheap political trick which is certainly unworthy of the Great Idealist in the White House. (5) If Mr. Hyde and his friends are so excited by Russia's present exports of wheat, what will they do when that country gets back to the pre-war average export, which was about four times as large as that which is contemplated for 1930? . . . There are some more things we could say to Secretary Hyde—but perhaps it is safer not to ask him to begin on the fingers of the other hand.

RALPH S. KELLY has for more than twenty-five years been an employee of the Department of the Interior, and for the past six years, Chief of the Field Division of the United States General Land Office, with headquarters at Denver. Mr. Kelley has now resigned his post, in a letter to Secretary Wilbur, which he has made public. He charges that government land in western Colorado containing forty billion dollars' worth of oil-bearing shale is in danger of passing into the hands of private oil companies, against the best interests of the public. Mr. Kelley says that this process has been going on for five years, and that his hope that it would come to an end when Secretary Wilbur took office, eighteen months ago, has not been fulfilled. He alleges that the oil companies, some of which were implicated in the Teapot Dome scandal, are obtaining their special favors by "great political or other pressure brought to bear upon the Secretary" (of the Interior). He adds:

> Although during the last five years my office has submitted to the Interior Department a large number of exhaustive reports, showing in great detail the activities of these large oil companies, yet I can scarcely recall an instance during that period when the demands of the oil men have not received favorable consideration by the Secretary of the Interior, nor an instance in which the rights of the public have been upheld.

SECRETARY Wilbur has published a prompt and lengthy reply to Mr. Kelley's charges. He has, in the first place, refused to accept Kelley's resignation, but has suspended him, and has demanded that he make public the names of the oil companies involved in his charges and the dates on which the transactions took place. Dr. Wilbur adds that on July 7 of this year, Kelley was ordered to come to Washington and take charge of the very operations which he now criticizes, but failed to do so. He points out that oil-bearing shale has as yet only a potential value, since no method has been devised for extracting the oil from the rock except at prohibitively high cost. He states that in accordance with the conservation policy of the Hoover administration, no leases have been made on oil-shale lands. Under the law, however, the Secretary of the Interior is not permitted to refuse leases on claims located before the mineral leasing act came into effect in 1920, and about 3,000,000 acres of land in Colorado, Utah and Wyoming are thus exempt. It is possible to proceed against the claimants of this land if they do not do "assessment" work of $100 a year on each claim, and the Department of the Interior is seeking to oust oil-shale claimants holding 1,400,000 acres. An adverse Supreme Court decision has made it impossible to proceed against claimants who had begun this "assessment" work before being asked to do so by the government; and claims involving 9,900, acres have therefore been allowed. A subcommittee of the Public Lands Committee of the House of Representatives has been investigating the situation in regard to oil-shale lands, and Representative William R. Eaton, chairman of the subcommittee, charges that Mr. Kelley's resignation is the result of his "inability to justify the rulings he has made in Denver on oil-shale claims." The whole subject is a complex one, on which it is impossible for the public to pass an opinion without more adequate data than it now possesses. Senator Nye, chairman of the Senate Committee on Public Lands and Surveys, has announced that his committee will investigate the whole situation, and it is obviously desirable that this should be done.

WE HAVE done our dutiful best to get excited about the action of the New York state Republicans in demanding repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and selecting Mr. Tuttle, the new-laid Wet, as their

standard bearer; but we are ashamed to say that we yawn when we ought to pant. It is undoubtedly true that there is a rising tide of dissatisfaction with prohibition throughout many parts of the country, but we knew that already. And in any case, New York has always been Wet; for anybody but a timorous politician, it required about as much courage to come out against prohibition as it would to come out for polygamy in Timbuctoo. No doubt it is significant that in the most populous state in the Union, and one which Mr. Hoover must carry to win in 1932, his own party should repudiate the Sacred Cause; but the importance of this decision is mitigated by the fact that it comes some months after Mr. Morrow did the same thing in New Jersey—and won a rousing victory in the Republican primary. With Mr. Roosevelt, the Democratic choice, already on record as wanting the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, the Republican candidate, whoever he was, could hardly evade the issue. If he ran as a Dry, he was certain of defeat. Since he is to be a Wet, the Dry Republicans will probably put a third ticket in the field, divide the vote and greatly aid the chance of the Democrats; but that was a chance Mr. Tuttle had to take.

MUCH more interesting than the anxious acrobatics of the politicians is the announcement by Amos W. Woodcock, Prohibition Commissioner, that in future the home brewer and vintner may go their ways undisturbed by the fear of the prying federal investigator. His predecessor in office, Dr. Doran, hinted that this was to be the government's policy, but no one expected Mr. Woodcock to come out frankly and say so. He observes that the wine or beer manufactured by the zealous domestic experimenter must not be "intoxicating in fact," and this, of course, is sheer nonsense. If the home product were not intoxicating, nobody would go to the trouble to make or drink it. What has really happened is that the government has thrown overboard part of the Eighteenth Amendment. That amendment prohibits "the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquor . . . for beverage purposes." In future, the government will concern itself with the manufacture of intoxicating liquor only when it involves sale or transportation. It does this despite the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court holding that the manufacture and sale of implements which might be used to make wine or beer is against the law. A long step has been taken toward nullification. It has been taken, moreover, with the extremely active assistance of the Federal Farm Board, which has just loaned $9,000,000 to the California grape growers. Nearly all of this money will be used to help market wine grapes and grape juice, 100 percent of which will be employed by home vintners in making beverages with illegal alcoholic content.

JOHN Q. TILSON, Republican floor leader in the House of Representatives, and Eastern Director for the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, has achieved a new low in tariff argument. He points proudly to the fact that since the Smoot-Hawley bill went into effect prices have gone down on a number of commodities, including blankets, shoes, sugar, building materials and rayon. Just what Mr. Tilson hoped to prove by this, it is hard to say. He throws overboard the Republican argument that the tariff is a blessing because it enables the American manufacturer to get high prices out of which he can pay high wages and keep everybody prosperous and happy. If low prices are desirable, why does Mr. Tilson not advocate free trade which, according to orthodox Republican theory, would mean a still greater decline? The truth is, of course, that the tariff is much less effective either in determining price levels or in controlling the international movement of goods, than is commonly supposed. At the same time, it sounds a little odd to hear an official Republican spokesman using an argument which destroys all the others employed by his party.

BOTH its enemies and its friends have evidently overestimated the intelligence of Tammany Hall. Confronted by the scandal regarding the purchase of places on the magistrates' bench in New York, Tammany got panicky and followed the worst possible course for itself. John F. Curry, the leader, appeared before the Grand Jury. When asked, as an ordinary matter of routine, to waive immunity, he announced that he had been "insulted," and flounced out. Thereupon nine other Tammany leaders successively took the stand and followed the same course. Of these all but one are high-salaried city officials, members of Mayor Walker's "cabinet." Not even a babe unborn by seven generations (to use Arthur Brisbane's phrase) could be innocent enough to suppose that Mr. Curry and his followers think they were insulted. They know as well as anyone that it is a normal and indeed almost essential procedure for the Grand Jury to ask this waiver of those testifying before it. The public is now convinced that Tammany is trying to obstruct the course of justice, and that its connection with the bribery must be much closer than had been supposed. Governor Roosevelt has written a letter to Mayor Walker suggesting that the latter should order the job-holding immunity hounds to sign the waivers requested and testify; the Mayor says that it is a good idea and that he had already thought of it. But no matter what steps are now taken, the harm has been done. It will be a long time before Tammany recovers its lost prestige.

WE ARE indebted to Mayor Walker for the best laugh of 1930; and if we took the trouble to look up the records, we could probably throw in 1928 and 1929. The Mayor has heard vaguely that there are said to be scandals in that city which he uses as the point of departure for his vacations;

and someone has told him, further, that these scandals have to do with buying public office. The genial Jimmy, never at a loss, knows just how to act under these circumstances. In the future, before any new incumbent is sworn in, Jimmy proposes to ask him, "Did you buy this office?" If he says "Yes," he doesn't get the job. Not only that, but Jimmy may even omit to kiss him on both cheeks. A tale like this needs no adornment by us or anyone. We know of only one comparison. It is the action of the United States immigration officers in asking the would-be resident of the United States: "Are you an anarchist? If you say 'Yes,' we shall immediately deport you to the country from which you have just come, and bar you permanently from these desirable, albeit innocent, shores."

WHEN Miss Elsa Hewitt, a young Englishwoman, the daughter of a former Labor M. P., arrived in this country with a non-quota "professor's visa," she was examined in a friendly enough spirit by the inspectors at Ellis Island. But suddenly Miss Hewitt committed a grave indiscretion. She revealed the fact that she was going to teach at the Manumit School, a labor institution. She produced a letter at the head of which were printed the names of the Manumit School directors, all of them representing trade unions which, with one exception, are connected with the American Federation of Labor. Now, the inspectors at Ellis Island, although they are connected with the Department of Labor, have never been notorious for their labor sympathies. They became cold, suspicious, arrogant. They ridiculed the idea of a labor school; they asked Miss Hewitt whether she was "Soviet" and refused to accept her denial; they went minutely into her qualifications for admission and finally decided, for reasons of their own, that her visa had been improperly issued. The grounds for their decision were unreasonable in fact and invalid at law, but that is not the point of the incident. The point is that immigration inspectors, who are officials of the Department of Labor, are now arrogating to themselves the privilege of overruling visas regularly issued by American consuls, who are officials of the Department of State. The point is also that Miss Hewitt was finally admitted, not only because her admission was legally unavoidable, but also because she had influential friends in England and a good American lawyer. Had she been as friendless and poor as most immigrants, she might have been shipped back on the next boat like a parcel of unwanted merchandise. The point is, finally, that the decision of the immigration inspectors was never overruled; the Department of Labor simply got itself out of the hole by having a new quota visa issued—irregularly issued—by the Department of State. Thus, no precedent was established, and the right of the immigration inspectors to act in the same high-handed and truculent manner with other visitors to this country has not been officially denied.

IT IS good news that a distinguished committee of Southern leaders is to make an intelligent study of lynching, and that it will follow the case method, inquiring carefully into each of these grisly tragedies in the year 1930. The number of lynchings has lately shown a shocking increase; in the first eight months of this year there were more of them than in the whole of 1929, and every horrible detail known in past years has been repeated. The suggestion is made that idleness due to unemployment may be a partial reason for this year's outbreaks; but some of the recent cases have occurred in remote rural areas, and though times are hard in these regions, they are not much harder now than formerly. The new committee ought to throw more light on the causes and possible cures of lynching than we have ever had. It is particularly welcome because of the renewed evidence it gives that the best men in the South are firmly opposed to this survival of savagery.

SELDOM have thoughtful persons been called upon to make so drastic a revision in their estimate of a public man as in the case of former Governor John M. Slaton of Georgia, who on September 10 was defeated in his campaign for the United States Senate. Governor Slaton first won national recognition in 1915 because of his action in the famous Leo Frank case. At that time, confronted with an organized and militant hatred which had already turned justice into a fantastic persecution, he signed the commutation of Frank's sentence and his own political death warrant. With the same stroke of the pen, however, he made himself hero and martyr in the eyes of unbiased critics everywhere. For fifteen years, perhaps somewhat too obscurely, he has filled this role, and when he returned to the field of active politics, he was in position to command the enthusiastic support of at least an enlightened minority. Then the swift and tragic disillusionment. The very man who had been crucified by prejudice pitched his whole campaign on a plane calculated to attract the support of the lowest elements of the electorate. He dragged in the race issue; he attacked the World Court; and he quarreled viciously with his opponent, Senator Harris, in the effort to capitalize the name of Tom Watson, patron saint of much that is worst in Southern politics. The Governor's humiliating defeat was not measured in unit votes, though he carried only one county out of 161, nor in popular votes, though he received only about 45,000 out of some 200,000 cast. The loss must be measured in terms of moral courage and political integrity.

MAJOR Frank Pease is at it again. Major Pease, the president of the Hollywood Technical Directors' Institute, which wears the proud motto, *In scientia virtus,* is rather more interested in virtue than in science. Virtue, for him, consists in attacking the enemies of our army and of every army. Virtue recently led him to agitate for the suppres-

sion of that most subversive film, "All Quiet on the Western Front." Virtue now moves him to demand the deportation of Eisenstein, the "sadistic Leninist whom Lasky has imported to make films for American boys and girls," the "cunning and determined enemy of every conservative man, woman and child on earth," the "international Judas of the cinema." It is said by critics that Eisenstein is a masterly artist and the greatest director ever brought to Hollywood, but this, thinks Major Pease, is a damnably un-American lie: Eisenstein's art is "the 'art' of discord, of mutual suspicion, of civil strife, the clash of classes and breaking of hearts, the 'art' of world murder." The good Major has cabled to the League of Nations and to the International Entente Against the Third International. He has had a special representative of the Fish Committee dispatched to Hollywood to interview this dangerous alien. He has telegraphed Jesse Lasky to ask: WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO COMMA TURN THE AMERICAN CINEMA INTO A COMMUNIST CESSPOOL QUESTION REMEMBER AMERICA IS A HARBOR AND AN ASYLUM COMMA THE REFUGE OF THE AGES FOR HEBREWS STOP A LAND WHERE THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A POGROM STOP. . . . But Major Pease never stops. At the thought of subversive films, he quakes in his cavalry boots. And his uneasy dreams are haunted with visions of that "hydrocephalic monster, that murderous Moloch, Lenin."

The Battle of Broken Bow

THE COMEDY of the grocery boy from Broken Bow has suddenly turned serious. New Republic readers will, of course, remember the story of the case. United States Senator George W. Norris, one of leading progressives in the Senate and perhaps its most useful member, was a candidate in the recent Nebraska primary for the Republican nomination to succeed himself. There turned up another George W. Norris, an obscure young man employed in a grocery in Broken Bow. Although he had never before shown any interest in political matters, he suddenly announced that he, too, wished to be a candidate in the primary. The Nebraska law forbids putting any sort of identifying mark on the ballot, and the voters would have been at a loss to know which of the two men was the Senator and which the grocery clerk. Faced by this prospect, Senator Norris announced that if his namesake appeared on the ballot, he himself would not, but would withdraw and run independently. After he had made this threat, the state supreme court at the last minute ruled that Grocer Norris' announcement of his candidacy had been received too late to permit his name to go on the ballot. Senator Norris was renominated, and will be the Republican candidate in November.

The United States Senate committee which has been investigating campaign expenditures looked into the Nebraska situation, and called Grocer Norris before it. He testified under oath that it was solely his own idea to seek the Republican senatorial nomination, that he had paid his own expenses, and that the statement announcing his candidacy was his unassisted composition. His legal adviser, Paul Johnson, swore to the same thing. Mr. Victor Seymour, assistant vice-chairman of the National Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, a branch of the Republican National Committee, also appeared and swore that he had nothing to do with Grocer Norris' candidacy and first learned of it when he read the news in the daily press. There the matter might have rested, but for one important additional happening—a happening very inadequately reported in the Associated Press dispatches from Lincoln, Nebraska, where the committee has been holding its hearings.

Miss Esther Alton, employed as a stenographer by Mr. Seymour during the period before the primary, appeared as a witness and swore that Grocer Norris, Adviser Johnson and Politician Seymour had all lied under oath. She swore that Seymour had instigated Norris' campaign, had paid the $50 filing fee and had subsequently given him an additional $500 for his expenses. She testified further that the announcement of his candidacy, which Grocer Norris said he had written, was in fact the composition of Mr. Seymour, and that she had copied it on the typewriter from his handwritten draft. Miss Alton having thus exposed the whole plot, Grocer Norris and his confederate Johnson were recalled to the stand and admitted the truth of her charges, confessing that they had previously perjured themselves.

Mr. Seymour, who seems to be one of the stupidest agents the Republican party ever hired to do its dirty work, was in Denver when the revelations were made public. He issued an airy denial, and when requested to return to the witness stand, insolently suggested that he would be too busy to do so until about the middle of November, long after the election has been held. This was too much for the Republican National Committee. It has no objection to stupidity, as a glance at its membership shows, but Mr. Seymour's brand is too thick to be tolerated even by Senator Fess. Within twenty-four hours Mr. Seymour had "resigned," saying that he was doing this all by himself without any prompting. His phrase has an ominous resemblance to the story told by Grocer Norris about his candidacy. There is every likelihood that Grocer Norris, Seymour and perhaps Johnson will be indicted for perjury and given a chance to explain their maneuvers before a judge and jury.

One important element which remains to be cleared up is the amount of money Mr. Seymour spent in his attempt to defeat Senator Norris by trickery, and where it came from. It is known that he received a number of checks, drawn on several Eastern banks and totaling more than $7,000, during a brief period before the primary.

This money was used to defray his expenses; on one occasion he told Miss Alton that he was unable to pay salaries "because the check from the East had not come." Grocer Norris was informed that if he would join in the plot there would be "big money in it for him," though there is no record that he received more than $550.

It is perhaps not without significance that during this period Seymour was in constant communication with Clarence A. Davis, former attorney general for the state of Nebraska. Mr. Davis is now counsel in that state for Stone and Webster and for the Nebraska Electric Power Company, a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Company of New York. Senator Norris, as New Republic readers do not need to be told, is one of the chief advocates of government ownership and operation of electric power. Mr. Davis is, and long has been, his bitter enemy on this account. So are the other important figures in the power industry throughout the United States. Every well informed newspaper correspondent in Washington has known for years that they were out to "get" Senator Norris if they possibly could.

But whether the power interests helped to cook up the great plot of Broken Bow is less important for the moment than the fact that at least one responsible official of the Republican National Committee was the chief mover in the scheme. In other states, Mr. Hoover and the groups surrounding him have been scrupulously careful not to indicate a preference among candidates for the Republican nomination for any important office. In New Jersey, for example, the President went to great lengths to prevent the use of his prestige to support Dwight Morrow. The difference in Nebraska, of course, is that Senator Norris is a progressive. He prefers the command of his own conscience to the easy inertia of party regularity. From the standpoint of a conservative Republican, a conservative Democrat is preferable to a progressive-minded member of his own party. You could not have a better illustration of this often repeated truth than what they tried to do to Senator Norris in Nebraska.

Unemployment Insurance in America

COMPULSORY insurance against unemployment is one of the few constructive by-products of the World War. More than forty millions of the industrial workers of Europe are now, at least partially, protected from the ravages of unemployment by some form of compulsory insurance. Before the War, unemployment insurance existed only in the treatises on social insurance and in the slight, isolated experiments like the famous one in St. Gall, Switzerland. Following the adoption of the limited unemployment insurance in England in 1911, the movement has gained such momentum that the spread of compulsory insurance against unemployment to all of the industrial countries of Europe may be regarded as inevitable.

Only the United States has turned its back on this profound social and economic development. Due partly to misunderstanding of the foreign experience, particularly that of England during the past ten years, and partly to a stubborn traditional attitude toward unemployment insurance, both business and the official spokesmen of organized labor in this country have seized every available occasion to reiterate their opposition to compulsory insurance. Even the president of the American Federation of Labor, the accredited representative of some 3,000,000 organized workers, has found it expedient, at a time when he reports the members of the Federation to be 20-percent unemployed, to follow in the footsteps of his predecessor, the late Samuel Gompers, in order to safeguard American workers from the designs of a paternalistic state. Mr. Green makes the point that American labor wants not charity but work.

No one of the many European systems of compulsory unemployment insurance derives its funds from the State. The government has in each case set up the machinery of collection and distribution, but the bulk of the benefits distributed to the unemployed during the past decade have come from contributions by employers and employees. The State has made loans to the unemployment funds or free appropriations of benefits to the unemployed only when their number has so increased or the period of unemployment has been so prolonged that further payment from the funds themselves would lead to insolvency. The significant contrast between the pre-war and post-war methods of handling unemployment relief in Europe consists in the fact that, before the War, all of the unemployed in distress were thrown for relief upon the public and private agencies of charity, whereas, since 1920, they have received their benefits out of funds to which they regularly contribute, and are forced to resort to doles only in the event of unusually severe and persistent unemployment. It is simply an accident of the times that the economic readjustments arising out of the War have produced such violent dislocations in industry, and consequently such abnormal unemployment, as to impose upon the unemployment-insurance schemes financial burdens unthinkable in the years before 1914.

In the United States we have disregarded the problem of unemployment because we had recently become slaves to a new economic doctrine. Until the fall of 1929 we were genuinely convinced that our economic trends would continue to run counter to those of Europe and the rest of the world. Easily persuaded by the evidence of the rising tide of production and business volume, we had come to believe that deep depression with its concomitants of falling prices, shrinking profits, contracted production and widespread unemployment was a thing

of the past in this country. Regarding the recessions of 1924 and 1927 as typical of the downward phase of business cycles of the future, we envisioned a state of affairs in which unemployment, when it did come, would touch only a few of the employed and would last several months at the most. This admirable condition, many American commentators agreed, was achieved through a deliberate process of business regularization or stabilization, which should be expected to bring about the ultimate stabilization of industry and the elimination of unemployment. In support of this attitude, it was possible to point to individual business which had apparently succeeded in regularizing production and employment. It was, presumably, this condition which President Green had in mind when he cited the American preference for regular work to charity disbursements.

It is clear now, as it might very well have been several years ago, that stabilization has been limited to only a few firms employing altogether much less than one percent of the total working force of this country. While much of the stabilization that was achieved can be attributed to improved methods of management and to a sounder grasp of the nature and direction of economic forces, much must be ascribed to peculiar conditions not capable of general application. When, therefore, basic economic forces produced the business situation of 1930, the individual business man, with appallingly few exceptions, was as helpless as were his predecessors during the depressions of the nineties, 1907, 1914 and 1921; and the cure for this sad state of business turned out to be once more, not the new device of stabilization, but the hoary method of liquidation, which has already lasted for considerably longer than a year and which has brought in its train the most severe unemployment we have had since 1921.

The upshot of all this is that this wave of unemployment has found the country as ill prepared to meet the problems of distress as it has been in the past. The futility of advising business to put its house in order and give work, when it has not mastered the elements of a program of effective industrial control, has again been demonstrated; and as early in the depression as last winter we witnessed the shameful spectacle of bread lines in our large cities. We are as far now from a workable program for relieving the unemployed as we were during and after the Unemployment Conference of President Harding in 1921. Our long experience and the experience of industrial communities throughout the world should convince even the most skeptical that, in the present state of our knowledge, the only known method for dealing with prolonged and general unemployment is some form of compulsory and universal unemployment insurance. It may be, indeed, that American administrative ingenuity will devise a system of unemployment insurance that will not only yield relief but also in the long run reduce the volume of unemployment. But, whether that happens or not, the case for the systematic distribution of unemployment benefits out of insurance funds is clear and final.

Fortunately for American industry it can, in setting up the machinery for unemployment insurance, profit from the experiments and experience of Europe and of a few pioneers with jobless insurance in this country. Unemployment insurance has now worked successfully in the men's clothing industry since May, 1923. Although this industry is among the most seasonal in the United States and is subject to more violent cyclical fluctuations than is true of the common run of American industries, its unemployment funds have withstood the effects of three major depressions since 1923 and have, in addition, furnished relief twice each year to those who are laid off because of seasonal slack. During 1930, when American industry generally has no provision for its unemployed, the unionized clothing industry in Chicago, Rochester and New York is distributing among the unemployed $1,500,000. It is true that the benefits paid under this arrangement do not by any means make up the difference between full-time annual earnings and the actual earnings during this year of depression; but the present annual disbursement is a far cry from the loan fund of $50,000 which the Amalgamated Clothing Workers made available to the unemployed in Chicago in 1921 as the only contribution of the industry to the relief of the many unemployed of that year.

The experience of England during the past eighteen years and the much briefer experience of Germany reveal the strength and weakness of compulsory unemployment insurance in the modern industrial state. By imposing greater administrative responsibility upon industry and by introducing considerable self-government in the collection and distribution of the funds, an American plan of compulsory insurance can avoid the extravagances and the undesirable political features of some of the European schemes. With these safeguards, the time is ripe for trying compulsory unemployment insurance in this country as the only tested device for reducing the misery and poverty that follow these inevitable waves of industrial unemployment.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Imperial Conference

AMERICAN and European observers, watching from a distance the development in recent years of the self-governing part of the British Empire, have occasionally asked themselves in bewilderment whether the ramshackle structure were not visibly breaking up. What remains of it, save a crown which confers no authority whatever? These dominions are sovereign powers. They conduct their own diplomacy. They maintain what are in effect their own embassies, wherever their intercourse with a foreign power is close enough to warrant that expenditure. They have their own armies and fleets. Their statesmen have proclaimed, without contradiction, their right to be neutral in wars in which the United Kingdom may be engaged—a difficult claim to work out, since the Covenant of the League, of which all of them are members, has revolutionized the whole conception of neutrality. There remained only one further step to take, and South Africa is eager to take it. She asks for an express recognition of a dominion's right to secede from the British Commonwealth of Nations.

It is certain that the Imperial Conference, which assembled in London on the last day of September, will go even further in this direction. It will sweep the decks of the last paper relics of the shadowy control which the home government still in theory possesses over the legislation of the dominions, though, in fact, it has been obsolete for more than half a century. Theory, when it closes, will conform to fact. Westminster will count no more in this empire, which has abdicated its *imperium*, than Ottawa or Canberra. A student of documents, unfamiliar with our practice and our habits of thought, might read all this as an evidence of decomposition and decay.

The real movement is in the contrary direction. The full recognition of the absolute equality of status between the mother country and the dominions has meant a close habitual coöperation in every act of external policy, which statesmen even of the last generation would have found incredible. At the last British general election the Labor party won a clear mandate for the general lines of its foreign policy, since the Liberals assented. It would at once reverse what the Tories had done, (1) by restoring friendly diplomatic relations with Russia, and (2) by completing our full acceptance of the League's machinery for the peaceful settlement of all disputes. Here were matters of principle which made a sharp dividing line in feeling and thought between the victorious progressive parties and the defeated conservatives. Yet before Russia could be welcomed once more in London, weeks must be spent in consultations with the dominions, though none of them has any direct interest in this matter. The idea of international arbitration is for the Labor party perhaps the most firmly held of all its convictions. It was possible to carry the dominions with us in our adoption, a year ago, of the so-called "Optional Clause," which pledges us in every justiciable dispute. We are ourselves as firmly resolved to take a like pledge in the much larger matter of the "General Act," which lays down the appropriate procedure for the peaceful settlement of every political dispute, and over this Mr. Henderson would no more hesitate than the most simple-minded evangelical pacifist in a rural branch of the party. Yet at Geneva, after a year spent in consultation, he could only declare the sincere wish of the British government to adhere to this Act, subject to the approval of the dominions.

At moments one is impatient of these slow consultations, which deprive us of any possibility of conducting a swift or dramatic foreign policy. Where a Palmerston or a Disraeli would have acted, the one after and the other before a ride or a drive to Windsor Castle, Mr. Henderson must debate by cable with half a dozen Cabinets at the ends of the earth, some of which suffer from incurable ignorance, framed in a narrow provincial outlook, and debate with them even on matters which concern them only indirectly. Among all the statesmen of the dominions there is only one with the capacity to make any personal contribution to international policy, and General Smuts is no longer in office. But the gain of this new tradition of unanimity—for it is rather precedent and good will that govern this habitual consultation than any formal right—outweighs the loss. On one occasion, at least, the dominions put us and the world under a heavy obligation. In the last mad hours of Mr. Lloyd George's premiership, when he and Mr. Churchill had all but involved us in a renewal of the war upon Turkey, it was the dominions that saved us. The very fact that they are disinterested spectators over wide fields of our foreign policy, makes their assent a valuable safeguard for peace. We shall never risk the break-up of the Commonwealth by entering on perilous courses which might tempt them to a declaration of neutrality. With them at this Conference the whole range of our external policy, whether it concerns our dealings with other powers, our attitude within the League or our work for disarmament and arbitration, will be fully reviewed, both in public and in confidential sittings. The Commonwealth is a living organism which moves altogether if it moves at all.

The main interest of this Conference will center

in its economic work. None the less, it will leave its mark on constitutional history. It will have before it the report of a consultative conference, which met last fall, to work out all the implications of the principle that the United Kingdom and the dominions are

> autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

The report is unanimous, and so radical in its findings that one need not anticipate any lengthy discussion.

It sweeps away every vestige of the last remaining checks and controls. In theory the Governor General of a "colony," and even in some cases of a dominion, might and even in certain cases must "reserve" his assent to legislation, pending the consideration of it by the King in Council—which meant, in effect, by the British government. That is swept bodily away. In theory the Crown, on the advice of Ministers of the United Kingdom, might "disallow" (a polite word for veto) any act of a dominion parliament. That right is recognized even in the South African Constitution, which dates from 1909, though the Irish Free State's Constitution has no such provision. In fact this veto has never been used against the Australian or South African dominions, and never against Canada since 1873. It, too, is swept into the dustbin of history.

As a consequence of the logic of this position, it is now expressly laid down that the King's Ministers at Westminster may not tender to him any advice against the will of a dominion government. "The Crown" may still mumble in Norman-French the ancient formula, *le roy le veult,* but that phrase, Englished at last, becomes throughout the Commonwealth what it is at home, the automatic echo of the *vox populi.* And so we proceed. There are some legal matters in which the Westminster Parliament has a right to legislate for the whole Empire. They are few and unimportant, and amendment would be troublesome: so it is laid down that no law passed at Westminster shall extend to any dominion, save at its request and with its consent. There were doubts about the right of the dominions to make laws having extra-territorial operation (e. g., in questions touching fishery, taxation, shipping, air navigation, marriage and the like). Their "full power" to do so is now proclaimed. Finally the maxim had once been upheld, though it had become obsolete, that any legislation of a dominion repugnant to certain fundamental principles of English common law would be *ipso facto* null and void. That too disappears, and with it the Colonial Laws Validity Act of 1865, which preserved it in a modified form. It looks like sweeping away even the vague basis of a common civilization enshrined in law. A dominion may now, if it chooses, "go Fascist," and repeal Magna Charta. It may even "go Soviet," on one condition: that it will still stamp the crown below its Communist legislation. But even the crown is now in the keeping of these new peoples, and it is laid down that they must join in enacting any change in the law of succession. What then remains? "The crown," say lawyers. "The old inheritance of thought" answers common sense, "and the new habit of coöperation."

Two further constitutional points of some interest remain for the Conference to decide. When the Labor government pledged itself to take every justiciable dispute to the World Court, it excepted disputes among members of the British Commonwealth. Ireland, not unnaturally, protested: she would even like to carry to the Hague any dispute that might arise in the interpretation of the treaty that is her charter of independence. To that London objected, but here was a gap. The Commonwealth possesses no court to try justiciable disputes among its members. The report proposes to create one, from a panel which the dominions will join in nominating. Finally, General Hertzog may raise the right of secession. Logically, no one can or will dispute it. It is latent in the very idea of the free Commonwealth. A civil war on that issue would be for us unthinkable. That was the answer even of The Times, which in a brief, dry, leading article accepted the right and saw no objection even to declaring it, should the dominions really insist. And that will certainly be the attitude of the Labor government.

What this Conference does in defining the dominion status of equality will have its bearing on India's problem. The further one goes in defining that status in black and white, the more difficult does it become to grant it fully and at once. It is clear that we must give responsible self-government at once, not only in the provinces, but at the center also. But every reasonable Indian agrees that for a time, short or long, there must be various checks, safeguards and reservations. So long as dominion status was undefined, this was not an inconsistent position. Today "the Crown" may still veto an act of the Australian Commonwealth. Tomorrow even that nominal paper right will vanish. It would have been easy to say, "we will apply to India, for a time as an actual reality, checks which on paper still survive, even in Australia, as a theoretic vestige." But when this Conference rises, even the vestige will be gone. The consequence is that we cannot grant "dominion status with safeguards." That phrase will be a contradiction in terms. Dominion status means unqualified and absolute sovereignty. That too is India's moral right, which after a period of transition must be hers. But while the transition lasts, she cannot be said to enjoy dominion status, though even today she sits at this Conference among the dominions.

On the large economic issues before this Conference, I need say little, for my recent article on Free

Trade discussed them fully (The New Republic, August 13). Round this table will sit governments which all are victims of the world-wide fall in prices—Canadians thinking of wheat at the pre-war level, Australians rueful over a 40-percent drop in wool, Britons counting their two million unemployed. How to help each other will be the general thought. The chatter about Empire Free Trade is more than ever nonsensical. Conservative Canada will raise her tariff. Labor Australia has already raised hers, for her financial situation, on the edge of confessed bankruptcy, compels her to cut her imports to the bone. They may offer further preferences, but if one is raising one's wall, it is of little service that for a friend one will knock off the top course of bricks over part of its length. The hope lies in a wholly different line of approach to this problem. The Labor government, at first hesitant, is now decided to propose to this Conference the system of "bulk purchase"—meaning the importation, under monopoly, by a state board, of some foods and raw materials, certainly wheat and wool, possibly meat. The mechanism can be used to offer a guaranteed price to the farmer, season by season, and in some measure to stabilize prices. How much, in return for this, will the dominions concede, either through the bulk purchase of some of our British products or through a system of preferences? That is the central and exciting issue of the Conference. What it does here will be history, new made. The rest is but writing fair a page already drafted.

H. N. Brailsford.

London.

Twenty Hours to New York

Middle Western Notes of a Semi-Commercial Traveler

After a 3,500-mile journey through the Middle West, I feel able to report with some confidence for the benefit of other parts of this gr-r-reat country what that important section is thinking about. It is thinking about Midget, alias Tom Thumb, alias Peewee, alias Tiny, golf.

The miniature courses are a measles rash on the face of the Mississippi Valley. In the towns, every vacant lot has at least one; in the country, you come upon them making the most desolate areas even more desolate. They have ruined the movies —although, like the not-too-bright girl in the story, the movies had been ruined before. As a probably penultimate straw, the seats are being ripped out of some abandoned palaces of the cinematic art and golf courses established in their place, against the time when winter's blizzards blow straight down from the North Pole to the Gulf of Mexico and the putter will freeze to the fingers of anyone reckless enough to play out of doors.

The fortunate inventor of all this (he lives in Chattanooga, Tennessee, and the first links were on top of Lookout Mountain) has sold out and retired with a fortune. A single course may sometimes earn as much as a thousand dollars a day, and already they have furnished a racket. Gangsters descended upon the Midgeteer and demand a weekly bribe, sweetly offering as an alternative to wreck the course every night until further notice. I hear from the young people that Tom Thumb is a godsend to the lonesome youth or maiden wanting to make friends . . . one at a time. They are also used by what the Middle West calls Bad Girls; and some of these, incidentally, have developed a minor racket of their own. By industrious practice on the course, they acquire great skill with the putter. They persuade a new-found gen'l'man friend to play a round, and are as awkward as possible on the first hole or two, doing them in ten or twelve. Thereupon, just to make the game more interesting, they propose a side bet of five dollars a hole for the remainder of the course. The gen'l'man friend, smiling indulgently, accepts; and the lady proceeds to play the other sixteen in two strokes each, or less.

Already, the little courses far outnumber the full-sized ones, and the golf magazines are filled with anxious articles wanting to know whether the pigmy game is here to stay, and if so, what it will do to golf itself. The answer at which the authors arrive, after many words at one cent apiece, is that they do not know. Nobody knows. The experts think the fad is already beginning to wane, but this may be merely because some localities are so badly overbuilt with courses. My own guess, exactly as worthless as yours, is that the Tom Thumb courses will presently be reduced in number by about 75 percent and that the remainder will stay.

The American people have had only four sources of recreation in the evening: bridge, the radio, the movies and taking a drive in the car. Three of these are done indoors, and driving soon becomes dull, even when the roads are not so crowded as to destroy all pleasure, as is usually the case. Tom Thumb golf can be played out of doors eight or nine months of the year, it can be played at night, it takes only an hour, it is cheap, and it gives you an impression of taking exercise while it is actually semi-sedentary, involving no more exertion than does a walk around the block. Also, it is fun, whether one is or isn't a devotee of what we shall

presently be calling oversize or Brobdingnagian golf. The notion that it spoils one's skill with a putter is of course nonsense: 90 percent of all golf players are such duffers that their game would not be greatly injured if you cut off both hands at the wrist.

I'm Regusted

The second preoccupation of the Middle West, as indeed of every other part of the country, is "Amos 'n' Andy." Within eighteen months, the nightly radio broadcast in which these imaginary characters are the heroes has become a national passion for which there is no comparison since the dim prehistoric days of Lindbergh. Stop your automobile on any residential street east of the Rockies at seven o'clock eastern time (there is a special broadcast later in the evening for the Pacific Coast) and you will hear issuing simultaneously from every house the voices of the two middle-aged Celtic vaudeville actors who impersonate these happy-go-lucky Harlem Negroes. Their endless serial story of petty misadventures never comes to a climax, uses none of the familiar devices of fiction to whip up interest, and yet remains for millions of listeners astonishingly absorbing. Telephone companies report a great falling off in business in the fifteen minutes during which they are on the air; and one man inserted a notice in the newspaper that if his friends telephoned to him during that sacred period he would not answer. Many motion-picture theaters have found it necessary to install radio receivers, halt the performance and let their audience listen, the alternative being empty seats at the supper show. A toy taxicab labeled, like the one operated by Amos and Andy, "Fresh Air Taxi Cab," was put on the market, and 250,000 of them were sold almost at once, Messrs. Gosden and Correll receiving 10 percent of the sales price as royalty.

Any American could be convinced at once of their greatness by learning that these gentlemen, who two years ago were earning $100 a week, now receive for their broadcast $100,000 a year plus a bonus, amount unknown but huge; that for appearing in a movie, "Check and Double Check," they got $250,000 and 50 percent of the profits, which are expected to be a million; that they have already contracted for three hundred thousand dollars' worth of personal appearances in theaters, that they will earn another vast sum from phonograph records which will soon be on the market, and that all in all, their present commitments mean profits of more than $2,000,000 for the pair. The news of this fabulous wealth, carefully disseminated in the press, earns them greater respect, makes their audience bigger and more attentive, increases the profits of the tooth-paste company which employs them (I forget which one it is) and causes their salary check to grow. This is a circle, but Amos and Andy are convinced that it is not a vicious one.

Wer Reitet so Schnell?

When you visit a small town, anywhere in the Middle West, and people know you are coming, local etiquette demands that your host should meet you at the station and show you the boulevards. He invariably drives his own car, and always at a (very) mean average speed of eighty miles an hour, slowing to seventy on hairpin curves. His wife sits in the back seat beside the terrified visitor, and from time to time murmurs gentle expostulations against this rate of progress, expostulations which never do the slightest good. It would be interesting to know why Mr. Babbitt, at home, insists on thus traveling like, let us say, a fiend on his way back to hell after a visit to Bishop Cannon: I have seen the same man, in a New York taxicab, plead with the driver to go slower, inventing a recent operation in a hospital in the attempt to work upon his sympathies—an absurd attempt, since a New York taxicab driver, of course, has none. Is his speed over the home course an indication of resentment that he should be called away from his work to go to the station and meet the visitor? But in that case, why does he not send someone else? Is he merely showing off his car? Surely most people nowadays are reasonably well acquainted with the performance of the better known makes in the price range between $600 and $3,000. My own theory is that fast driving is Mr. Babbitt's only means of compensating for his inferiority complex. He lives in a feminized world, and knows it and accepts it. But now and then he likes to clank his fetters and snarl a little; and he does so by sending a couple of tons of machinery and several terrified people hurtling over the roads.

The Iowa Decadents

If I were asked to name the most sophisticated group to be found in the United States, my choice would be the younger generation in almost any small town in Iowa or adjacent states. The greatest spiritual event in the history of these communities was the publication of "Main Street." They had not realized that they were bucolic, and as soon as they found that they were, they took steps to make themselves over. The boys and girls of these towns now drive the gaudiest roadsters the imagination of Detroit can produce; the girls smoke cigarettes eighteen hours a day; they make up in the style of three years ago along the Atlantic Coast—dead-white with purple lips, the general effect being that of a slightly decayed corpse; their reading is confined to the little expatriate magazines of Paris, plus a trifle of Ronald Firbank, Norman Douglas and perhaps a touch of Proust and Joyce. True, they go to the movies a little, listen a little on the radio and play a little bridge; but it is with the satirical smile of condescension on their lips, implying broadly that they do these things as a distinct favor to the folkways. Young people, of course,

always pity their parents; but I doubt whether there has ever been so much concentrated pity as is going on in the Mississippi Valley in 1930. I do not mean to suggest that these youngsters have anything in common with the petting flappers of romantic sermons and the Sunday newspapers. Gin and necking, they would tell you, are now *vooh juh*. They simply concentrate in themselves all the world weariness of the most world-weary capitals of Europe, and then sit and wait sadly but calmly for Mr. Sinclair Lewis to come back and look at them. Which he never does.

The Chicago Complex

Just as prohibition has at last, and heaven be thanked, died out as a subject for dinner-table conversation, so the good citizens of Chicago have lost all enthusiasm about having fun poked at them regarding gangsters. The merchants were the first to cry quits, having discovered that some people actually took the stories so seriously that they would no longer come to the city to shop. Raise the subject now with a Chicagoan and he bursts out at you that neither he nor any of his friends ever saw a gangster, or heard a gun fired except in a shooting gallery. He does his best to lead the subject around to parks and boulevards, of which his city has a marvelous system, to the coming World's Fair, for which a series of islands is being specially built in Lake Michigan, to the Art Museum, the Opera and the distinguished work Chicagoans are doing in science. Nevertheless, if you press him, he reluctantly admits that racketeering still goes on, that all the hullaballoo about reform has thus far accomplished almost nothing, that the alliance among gangsters, the press and the city administration appears to be invincible, that in Chicago, as in New York and Boston and elsewhere, democratic government is breaking down in practice. He will remain sadly silent for a few minutes after this, but then he brightens up again. "What," he asks, "do you think of Wacker Drive?"

The Overland Stage

The civilization of these United States has gone back to the highways which were abandoned seventy years ago with the coming of the railroads. Today, except on the main, long-distance routes, the trains are almost empty, and already they seem to have an air of failure and decay. But the huge gray buses which roar along every arterial road once an hour or oftener are packed with passengers; the terminals in the cities swarm with life. Most of the riders doubtless go by bus because it is cheaper, or more convenient, or because (as is true in many cases) train service has been abolished. But there is also the fact that the bus is the way to see the countryside. Bus passengers talk to one another, like members of a private touring party; they chat with the filling-station assistants—monosyllabic boys in white jumper suits, each of whom has a secret conviction that he looks like Lindbergh. On the transcontinental journeys, the buses stop for meals at wayside inns, painfully different from those about which English writers of a hundred years ago used to grow rhapsodical. Sometimes they pause for the whole night, and the passengers, old friends by now, greet each other affectionately as they take their seats again next morning.

It is by riding in the buses that one discovers how the farm problem is being solved. This is (a) by selling fruit and vegetables at wayside stands, (b) by Room and Board for Tourists and (c) by the sale of gas and oil. Agriculture becomes a triumphant success when you add to these, hot dogs and (preferably in the wilds of Nebraska) Ma's Shore Dinner.

Bad as is the food in the twenty-minutes-for-lunch restaurants along the stage routes, it is, on the whole, preferable to that in the railway dining cars of the crack trains between Chicago and the Atlantic seaboard. I have never been able to understand why the cuisine should be so terrible east of the Mississippi and so good as soon as you move toward the Rockies. The Eastern roads give you a limited choice, at high prices, the portions are too large, and you have a desperate battle to avoid a meal consisting of seven pounds of meat and three cups of poisonously strong coffee. It is evident that the head stewards are still thinking in terms of 1880, when every right-thinking man died of overeating at the age of forty. I have no doubt that they wear sheriff's mustaches, belong to the Elks and carry several fountain pens in the upper outside pocket of their coats. But the mystery still remains: how have the Western roads managed to get rid of these gentry and substitute real chefs?

The Words of the Second Verse

The most interesting thing this observer saw in the West was only in part an American phenomenon. He attended an international conference at which there were groups of delegates (nearly all of whom were men) from most of the great countries of the world. One of the scheduled events was a picnic supper on the shore of a lake; and as we sat by the camp fire someone suggested that the national groups present should take turns in singing. I ought to add that this was not a convention of musicians, or of people connected with the arts in any way; they were mostly college professors, drily concerned with statistics. Yet group by group the Russians, the Germans, the Canadians and English came forward and sang. They sang peasant songs of their countries, sang them in parts, and extraordinarily well, without self-consciousness, with as much robust pleasure as though they had been peasants themselves—which they were not. Presently, it was the Americans' turn; and the best they could do was "Old Black Joe," "Old Folks at Home" and three or four others. They

all sang the air together, they knew the words of the first verse only, and unless I imagined it, they sang with an embarrassment which was in sharp contrast to the casual pleasure of the foreigners. . . . All this ought to prove something; but I am not sure just what.

Hard Times

Despite the optimistic statements which have again begun to emanate from high official sources in Washington, times are still desperately hard in this country. In the Pullman smoking compartment, that unfailing barometer of American morale, men are gloomy over the business they did last month and not much more cheerful about what they expect to do in November. The hotels are half empty; the salespeople in the stores act as though it has been so long since they have seen a customer that they have forgotten how to negotiate with him. Yet on the whole, the surface of life flows forward amazingly the same. The extra-fare trains are filled as usual with overdressed bootleggers and their flashy lady friends, pouring their coffee into the saucer and quarreling loudly with the waiter over his alleged failure to bring them the food they wanted. The big sleek automobiles still fill Michigan Boulevard from curb to curb; the more conspicuous forms of wasteful spending seem to the casual eye to go on very much as usual. The unemployed are herded away out of sight; breadlines are always set up somewhere in the slums so that you do not see those pitiful drab crowds waiting, always waiting, unless you go to look for them. People are ashamed to starve; as long as they can still continue to keep a roof over their heads, they shut the door, draw the blinds and go hungry quietly, by families. They are, and they know it, traitors to the great American ideal: Success. There are many such traitors today.

Bruce Bliven.

News and the Newspaper

I. *Journalistic Sensationalism Analyzed under the "Spectroscope"*

This is the first of a series of four articles describing a research by the Carola Woerishoffer Graduate Department of Social Economy and Social Research at Bryn Mawr College. It is an effort to present a "spectrum," of the ethical importance of news stories, and to measure, through this spectrum, the social value of the American newspaper today.—The Editors.

FOR SOME two hundred years, journalists have been setting forth in burning terms the high ideals of integrity and social service which should control the behavior of the press. Individual editors have set up codes for their own newspapers. In the last two decades, particularly, numerous state editorial associations have been formed, and have defined the principles by which their members, as newspaper men, are supposed to be governed; and in 1923, the National Association of Newspaper Editors adopted a code of ethical standards designed to govern, directly or indirectly, almost every newspaper in the country.

Throughout the same two centuries, however, there has hardly been a year in which some observers, and even some journalists themselves, have not been occupied in pointing out persistent, notorious and malignant violations of these principles. In the first few years of the Republic, Thomas Jefferson declared sadly, "Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper," and more recently Mr. Silas Bent, himself an ex-newspaper man, tracing the rise of sensationalism in the press to the Spanish-American War, remarks, "Gentlemen of the press . . . you have betrayed and deceived your public." The cynicism of the average reader today toward the truth of any statement made in the newspapers is well known, and probably Mr. H. L. Mencken expresses a general attitude toward the press and its ethics when he says, "No American newspaper, so far as I am aware, has ever made any serious attempt to carry out the terms of any such code [of journalistic behavior]."

So protracted a conflict between avowed ideals and actual behavior surely calls for investigation.

The first step in a scientific approach is, of course, to determine what is meant by anti-social newspaper behavior. This has already been defined, and abundantly, by the codes of conduct established by newspaper editors themselves. The second step is to identify and study instances of such behavior. This has been done by a considerable succession of investigators, most of whom, however, chiefly because of the enormous expense involved in a more protracted survey, have limited their work to an analysis of a short list of newspapers or a small number of issues, or more especially to one important item of news. The third step, finally, is to measure objectively the ethical and unethical behavior of representative American newspapers, in the light of their own codes and according to categorical standards derived from a careful review of all studies heretofore made, and of the numerous efforts to improve the ethical behavior of the press. This, to our knowledge, has never been undertaken until now, when the Carola Woerishoffer Graduate

Department of Social Economy and Social Research at Bryn Mawr College has attemped it.

The work was made financially possible through the generous grant of a woman who prefers to remain anonymous, but who has herself collected much data from newspapers, indicative of efforts to elevate their ethical standards. The results of this investigation, which was begun in the fall of 1928, will be for the first time made public in this series of articles.[1]

Early in the work, it became apparent that some reliable method must be devised for differentiating between the widely contrasted types of newspapers —as, say, The New York Times and The New York Daily News—which share the field of journalism. Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn has classified newspapers as "conservative," "semi-conservative" and "sensational." But Professor Osborn's research covered only the New York City papers, and was principally concerned with crime news. Adequately to cover a wider field, a much more accurate and detailed classification than this was needed, both as to the characteristics of individual papers and as to the differences between classes of papers.

Thus, the question, "What makes news interesting?" may more fairly be stated, "What aspect of interest in a news story will will be featured predominantly in a particular newspaper?" Obviously, some stories have interest purely because they affect directly the personal welfare of the reader—the stock he owns is going up or down, the weather will be hotter or cooler, and so on. These may be called "consumer's interests." More often, a story is interesting because it tells of events affecting the community or the nation—a town-board election, a naval conference, a new tariff bill. Since such news is interesting only to the extent that the individual adopts as his own the interests of his social group, these may be called "socialized interests." Beyond these two, is a third category—a railroad accident, a breach-of-promise suit—whose interest to the reader lies in the thrill he derives from the intense emotional experience of other people. Such items play upon what may be called "sensational interests."

The difficulty is, however, that almost never can any item of news be set down as belonging solidly to any one of these categories. A prison riot is sensational, but it also involves socialized interests. The degree and quality of interest inhering in the question of unemployment varies greatly as the unemployment occurs in England or in one's own home town. Even the Snook murder trial had its aspects of community interest.

Eventually, twenty-three classifications of reader-interest were tabulated, ranging from such highly socialized matters as foreign problems, the United States as concerned in international affairs, and citizenship, down to the purely sensational matters involving money in its more blatant aspects, or sex, or both.

Then, forty-four newspapers selected in consultation with editors of The Literary Digest were studied during ten representative days between July 10 and 31, 1929, and were analyzed for the amount of front-page headline space devoted to each of the twenty-three lines of interest classified.[2]

Finally, by the method known to mathematicians as "successive approximation," the percentages of front-page headline space devoted to each of the twenty-three lines of interest were coördinated, to give each of the lines of interest a definite numerical value, or index of importance, with relation to the whole.[3] The result was the following "Spectrum of News Interests," forming a basis by which any individual newspaper can be judged with relation to the general practical standard now current:

Socialization-Sensationalism Index	Lines of Interest	Front-page Headline Space Percent
41	Business	3
39	Foreign Problems	3
35	United States-International	7
34	Citizenship	7
29	Prohibition (General)	2
27	Intellectual	2
26	Consumer, Labor	2
26	Foreign Sensation	10
22	Foreign Aviation	1
15	Personalities	3
9	Domestic Aviation	11
4	Public Crime and Morals	9
−2	Horror-Danger	13
−6	Rescue-Hero	1
−11	Public Violence	6
−12	Mystery	2
−13	Murder and Miscellaneous Crime	3
−28	Money-Sensational	4
−28	Horror-Danger-Sex	2
−33	Sob Stories	3
−39	Weddings and Society	1
−46	Sex	4
−53	Money-Sex	1
	Total	100

[1] The complete study will appear in a book to be published shortly.

[2] The use of headlines as a basis for the index was justified by the following considerations. First, front-page headlines are read more easily and more consistently than any other part of the paper. Second, they are definite bids for the reader's attention and as such offer an expression of the paper's policy. Third, headlines express so closely the subject matter of the text that no significant difference in results would develop from studying the entire article. Fourth, time saved by using this method permits a wider scope of investigation and hence a greater reliability in conclusions far outweighing any possible sacrifice of minute precision. In the case of tabloid newspapers, headlines of the third pages were also included.

[3] The index values of the different lines could be known accurately only if the final scores of the papers were determined, while the final scores of the papers could be known accurately only if the index values of the lines could be determined. As a first approximation, preliminary scores of twelve New York newspapers, based on the three highly socialized and three sensational interests already mentioned, were used. Then, for each line of the spectrum a socialization-sensationalism index was calculated by getting an average of the preliminary scores of the groups of papers in which that interest was represented, weighted according to the percentage of front-page headline space devoted to that interest in each group and according to the importance of the groups in New York City. These indexes determined the order in which the interest lines occur in the spectrum of news interest. By using these indexes more refined scores were obtained for the papers. These scores, in turn, could be used to derive closer approximations to true index values for the spectrum lines.

Sports (excepting aviation) have been excluded from the analysis because part of the papers studied issue sporting editions, and part do not. Non-sporting editions were always used in the study, but papers having no sporting edition were more apt to feature sports on the front page of their regular editions, thus introducing a misleading element into the problem. Besides sports, we excluded from consideration front-page advertisements, circulation-stimulating schemes (such as contests) and standardized features, such as indexes. Aside from these omissions, all of the headlines on the front pages of forty-four papers on ten representative days between July 10 and 31, 1929, were analyzed.

The socialization-sensationalism index, it will be noted, runs from +41 for Business, to —53 for Money-Sex. The positive numbers indicate the degree to which each line of interest tends to be featured by papers concentrating on news of community, national and world citizenship—as The Christian Science Monitor, The New York Times, The Boston Transcript, etc. The negative numbers offer the same indication for papers of a more sensational character—as The Boston Daily Record, The New York Evening Journal, The Graphic. The one, then, may be taken as an index of socialization, the other as an index of sensationalism.

The degree of sensationalism or of socialization of any newspaper, therefore, may be determined, and its character analyzed, by comparing over a representative period the proportion of front-page space it devotes to the various lines of interest, as compared with the standard set up by this news-interest spectrum.

Thus, in the case of The Christian Science Monitor: during a period of ten days, it devoted 22.8 percent of its front-page headline space to Foreign Problems. Referring to the spectrum, we find that the standard for this line of interest was 3 percent. The Monitor, then, exceeded the general score for this line by seven times, thus indicating an extreme degree of socialized interest. This is borne out by the fact that during the same time, The Monitor gave no space at all to sex stories, for which line the spectrum standard is 4 percent.

During the same period, The New York Daily Mirror gave no space to Foreign Problems, but did give 16 percent of its space to sex, or four times the spectrum standard. Following through the remaining twenty-one lines of interest, we find that The Monitor devoted 99 percent of space to the twelve lines of interest having plus values on the index, from Domestic Aviation upward. The Mirror allotted 87 percent of its space to the eleven "minus," or sensational lines, from Public Crime down the list. In other words, as seen through the spectrum, the components of The Monitor are almost entirely socialized, and those of The Mirror almost entirely sensational, each newspaper paying almost no attention at all to the preponderant interests of the other.

Certain newspaper men, however, have contended that The Monitor is not a newspaper at all, since it neglects accidents, riots, crimes and other sensational news. Similar objections can be made to The United States Daily, included in our list, in that it devotes itself almost entirely to chronicling the affairs of the government. On the other hand, many journalists have argued that tabloids, such as The Mirror, are not genuine newspapers either. At any rate, of these three papers, the one represents the extreme of sensationalism, as the other two of conservative socialization. No others, by the spectrum analysis, show any approach to such complete devotion to a specialized class of news as do The Monitor and The United States Daily.

The Boston Transcript is far more typical of the average socialized-interest paper. It devoted 39 percent of space to the four lines of interest at the top of the spectrum; when its handling of the entire list is drawn in the form of a graph, the line is seen to bulge decidedly through the plus portion of the spectrum, after which it tapers steadily downward through the more sensational interests, except for a sharp rise over Consumer-Labor and mild sentimental up-curves for Personalities, Rescue-Hero and Sob Stories.

The Boston Post, on the other hand, a powerful rival of The Transcript, offers a graph whose line maintains almost the same level from one end of the spectrum to the other, apportioning its space with complete impartiality among plus and minus interests alike. Perhaps because of this, The Post's circulation has risen to 397,000, as against The Transcript's 35,000, and is distributed through all classes of readers in the city.

Another interesting contrast is offered by The New York Times and The New York World. The graph line of the latter follows almost the same curve as that of the former, but at a slightly lower level, indicating that The World gives only 48 percent of its attention to the nine upper lines of the spectrum, as against The Times's 62 percent. The space thus saved on the citizenship group of interests is devoted by The World to Domestic Aviation, besides a considerable volume of attention to Public Crime and Morals, mainly taken up by the Clarke brothers and City Trust bank scandals, which The World followed with a crusading enthusiasm.

There are also, apparently, certain regional characteristics to be noted. Even the most conservative inland paper, as The Atlanta Constitution, The Minneapolis Journal or The Portland Oregonian, as well as the more sensational Denver Post and Chicago Tribune, devote far less space to Foreign Problems and United States-International lines of interest than is given to the same subject by similar papers along the Atlantic seaboard, and relatively more to Business, Consumer-Labor, etc., reflecting their subscribers' preoccupation with agriculture, manufacture and general local consumer-interests. The complete socialization-sensationalism scores of

the forty-four newspapers studied, giving for each one the weighted average of the socialization-sensationalism indexes space devoted to the front-page headlines, are listed below:

Socialization-Sensationalism Scores of Representative American Papers, Derived by Means of News-Interest Spectrum Analysis.

Paper	Ten-Day-Score	Five-Day-Scores[4] July. 10, 15, 19, 25 and 29	July. 12, 17, 23, 27 and 31
United States Daily	32.8	32.4	33.2
Christian Science Monitor	30.3	28.9	31.1
New York Daily Worker (Communist)	26.1	26.1	26.0
Minneapolis Journal	20.6	18.4	22.8
Boston Transcript	19.8	20.7	18.9
New York Herald-Tribune	19.8	16.1	23.5
New York Times (Ochs Chain)	19.3	16.9	21.7
Atlanta Constitution	19.0	18.7	20.3
Emporia Gazette	18.0	17.2	18.9
Baltimore Sun	17.7	15.7	19.7
Morning Oregonian	16.5	15.9	17.0
Washington Post (McLean Chain)	15.9	17.8	14.9
New York Evening Post (Curtis-Martin Chain)	15.8	14.9	15.8
New York World (Pulitzer Chain)	14.9	13.0	16.7
Chicago Herald-Examiner (Hearst Chain)	14.6	13.3	15.9
Springfield Republican	14.5	13.5	15.5
Seattle Daily Times	14.2	12.6	15.8
Boston Herald	13.3	10.7	15.9
Louisville Courier-Journal	13.0	9.9	16.1
Cleveland Plain Dealer	12.9	10.9	14.9
San Francisco Chronicle	12.8	12.7	12.8
Kansas City Times (morning edition of The Star)	12.6	15.2	9.9
Brooklyn Daily Eagle	12.5	10.6	14.4
New Orleans Times-Picayune	12.2	9.0	15.3
Boston Globe	11.8	9.1	14.5
Milwaukee Journal	11.7	9.1	14.3
New York American (Hearst Chain)	11.2	9.1	13.4
St. Louis Globe-Democrat	11.2	10.3	12.0
New York Telegram (Scripps-Howard Chain)	10.6	12.1	9.1
Chicago Tribune	9.7	6.5	12.9
Boston Post	9.0	5.9	12.1
Detroit Free Press	8.9	7.6	10.2
Milwaukee Leader	8.8	9.5	8.0
New York Sun	8.3	9.5	7.2
Denver Post	5.2	1.8	8.6
Boston Daily Record (Tabloid)	−2.4	−4.5	−.2
Baltimore Afro-American (Negro)	−2.9[5]	—	—
New York Age (Negro)	−4.4[5]	—	—
Chicago Defender (Negro)	−6.5[5]	—	—
New York Evening Journal (Hearst Chain)	−6.8	−3.1	−10.5
New York Evening Graphic (MacFadden Tabloid)	−8.1	−4.7	−11.5
New York Amsterdam News (Negro)	−8.3[5]	—	—
New York Daily News (Tabloid, owned by Chicago Tribune)	−14.2	−10.4	−17.9
New York Daily Mirror (Tabloid)	−17.3	−15.2	−19.4

It must, of course, be pointed out that these scores, if taken as an index of the relative worth of the various newspapers, are open to certain objections. Based purely on the average socialization-sensationalism index, it is obvious that the highest possible score would be obtained by a paper concentrating entirely on business news. Yet it would be foolish to argue from this that The Wall Street Journal, for instance, represents a higher degree of socialization interest than The New York Times. Similarly, the scoring gives no direct light on such matters as reportorial accuracy, technical skill in the gathering and presentation of news, etc., all important elements in the value of the newspaper. Thus, The Emporia Gazette, with its score of 18.0, can, nevertheless, hardly be expected to compete in equipment, news-gathering facilities, etc., with The Chicago Tribune, whose score is only 9.7. These, and similar considerations, must be taken into account before the score alone can be adopted as a measure of absolute worth to the community of any newspaper.

SUSAN M. KINGSBURY, HORNELL HART AND ANNA CLARK.

The second article in this series will be devoted to a study of methods by which newspaper bias may be detected.—THE EDITORS.

[4] These five-day scores are presented as a basis for judging the reliability of the combined ten-day scores. The coefficient of reliability of the ten-day score is .97.

[5] The four Negro papers are weeklies, though their format is that of dailies. Their scores are based upon from five to seven issues each. No chance half-scores were calculated for them and they were omitted in the calculation of the reliability.

Black Shirts in Georgia

A LUKEWARM political campaign in Georgia has been completely overshadowed during the months of August and September by the rise of a new "patriotic" organization: another of those Cracker attempts to capitalize on race prejudice. This new group out-kluxes the old Ku Klux Klan. It is simpler and more easily understood than the Supreme Kingdom and the Esse-Kaye—two abortive Georgia efforts to restore religion to the evangelical Protestants and America to the one-hundred-percenters. The official name of the organization which swept the state within the short period of four weeks is "The American Fascisti Association and Order of Black Shirts." Its purpose is to drive Negroes out of jobs and put white men in their places; its emblem is the black shirt. Another purpose is to combat Communism in Georgia. Since there are few if any Communists in Georgia, and since those few have not organized or tried to conduct meetings, the American Fascisti, or Black Shirts, have as their sole reason for existence the running of Negroes out of jobs. A white man's land for white men.

Atlanta, the birthplace of the Klan, the Supreme Kingdom and other race-prejudice groups, is the home of the Black Shirts. The charter for the organization has been filed at the Georgia Capital. The attorney filing the application is a former mayor of Atlanta, Walter A. Sims. The organizers are R. A. Gordon, recently defeated candidate

for mayor in Atlanta, R. S. Gulledge and Holt Gewinner.

The American Fascisti opened offices in a downtown office building in Atlanta. Word passed around that a group had been formed which would put Negroes out of jobs and install white men in their places. Soon the offices of the Black Shirts and the corridors leading to them were so congested with job seekers that the organization was forced to move to larger quarters in North Broad Street, where it has remained.

One of the first meetings held was a Whoop-em-up session on Grant Street in Atlanta. J. O. Wood, one-time candidate for the governorship of Georgia, was the main speaker. Mr. Wood has since that time been repudiated by the Black Shirts and his alleged effort to organize a Black Skirt movement among Atlanta women, as an auxiliary to the Black Shirts, was condemned in the second issue of the official organ of the American Fascisti, The Black Shirt.

These meetings raked in the money for the Black Shirts under the guise of membership dues. The organization claims that no charge is made for membership. The cards for admission to the order say nothing about money. The Messrs. Gordon, Gulledge and Gewinner get their funds from the employment list, which is an integral part of the organization. Each member pays one dollar and his name is posted on the list of members of the Fascisti employment bureau. In return for this dollar the member has the privilege of wearing the black shirt and has the promise of the officers of the organization that they will try to get him a job as quickly as possible.

The unemployment problem is as great in the Fascisti employment bureau as it is anywhere else in Georgia. The sponsors of the anti-Negro movement have no jobs to offer their members. If they had jobs they would probably be working at them instead of hatching up this new successor to the Klan. So the jobs must be created.

The plan is for the organization to "serve notice" on business firms in Georgia to get rid of Negro employees and give the jobs to white men. These employers will not be forced (how they can be forced to do so, the Black Shirts do not say) to hire members of the Fascisti employment bureau, but the officers will ask that preference be given to their members. The Black Shirts claim that several large mercantile establishments in Atlanta have already discharged Negro employees and that 600 Black Shirts have thereby gained employment—jobs which call for unskilled labor, of course.

The Black Shirt made its appearance on the streets of Atlanta on Friday, August 22. The paper, a weekly, proclaims its motto: America for Americans. The editorship is anonymous. The masthead says: "Edited by the editorial committee." Black shirts and black ties for members are advertised by local merchants. The organization itself advertises positions wanted for its members as carpenters, bricklayers, painters, mechanics, truck drivers, salesmen, laborers, etc. The "several thousand" for whom the Black Shirts want to get jobs are all white men, over eighteen years of age and American-born.

This movement of discrimination against color and religion is rapidly spreading through Georgia. The same hoodlums who kept the Ku Klux Klan alive are joining. The Black Shirt, in its issue of August 29, declared that there are now more than 27,000 members in Georgia. This means $27,000 for the organizers. Twenty-seven thousand dollars in four weeks is a lot of money to be made in Georgia in its present poverty-stricken condition. Only something which appealed to the instinct of the nigger-hater could make 27,000 ignorant white Georgians part with $27,000 when cotton is lower than it has been in ten years, when tobacco is being given away and when disastrous droughts have played havoc with all crops.

The Black Shirts came to Macon, Georgia's third city in size, on Saturday, August 30. They were headed by Holt Gewinner, one of the organizers and a former resident of Macon. Copies of The Black Shirt were sold in the boiling-hot sun of Macon's wide Cherry Street all day Saturday. The Black Shirt brought its own newsboys from Atlanta. They wore the garb of the organization. A great commotion was started on leisurely Cherry Street. The newsboys were surrounded by curious crowds. Negroes were as evident as whites. I made my way through a jam to buy a copy of the paper. The newsboy was an idiotic looking youth and was, as I got to him, rolling up three uncleaned fish in a copy of the paper. He took another copy of The Black Shirt, wiped his hands on it, and then took my five cents for the paper. The Negroes eyed me suspiciously. "Another Black Shirt sold," the boy cried enterprisingly. "Who'll be the next to pay a nickel for a white man's paper?"

No attempt was made on that day to organize a branch of the group in Macon. Five days later, however, a meeting of the Black Shirts was held in a vacant lot in the industrial section, just outside the city limits. The Black Shirts had failed to obtain the municipal auditorium, which had been reserved for the evening by a local organization. The meeting was then advertised for the lot outside the city. Two trucks bringing speakers from Atlanta were expected. Early in the evening approximately 300 persons reached the field and began the wait for the Atlanta visitors. The orators and officials did not arrive and there was no word from them. Local Black Shirts addressed the meeting and passed out application blanks for membership. In a short time the impatient began an exodus from the field in protest against the broken promises of the Atlanta leaders. A dozen zealots waited for three hours more. At midnight even the most faithful abandoned hope and returned to their homes.

On the Friday night before the failure of the Black Shirts to invade Macon, a meeting of the order was announced for Newnan, Georgia, a city of several thousand inhabitants, forty miles from Atlanta. The sheriff of Coweta County announced that the courtroom, the proposed place for the meeting, would not be open to the Black Shirts and the chief of police refused to allow the members to parade in the streets. Thus disheartened, no Fascisti ventured out on that Friday night and the entire movement, as far as Newnan was concerned, fell through.

In Atlanta, where the six Communists arrested early this summer face a death sentence for "insurrection," the Black Shirts are backing the prosecution. They have intimidated citizens who have been fighting for a fair trial and recently, it is said, they assaulted a young Atlanta lawyer and member of the state legislature in his office because he had signed a petition advocating free speech for Communists. However, the violence and intolerance displayed by the Black Shirts may possibly create a reaction in favor of the six Communists among the more law-abiding element in Georgia, a reaction which may force the authorities to grant the Communists a fairer trial than might have been expected.

The Negroes in Georgia are upset over the Black Shirts. They remember with trembling how members of their race were treated by the Klan and other organizations which had words about "white supremacy" in their mottoes. The pastor of a large Negro church in Macon came into my office a day or two after the first newspaper notices of the Negro haters. "I've never put much faith in these organizations," he told me. "I've always felt that the white man is my friend. Mr. W. D. Anderson, president of the Bibb mills, can tell you that I have always conducted myself in a high-toned manner. Others of my friends will say the same, but I tell you, I am more afraid of this Black Shirt thing than anything that has come over Georgia since I've been living here. My people are frightened and I don't know what to tell them. I thought that such things were over in our state, but it looks like I was wrong."

This educated, capable Negro teacher, preacher and editor voiced the feelings, not only of the more enlightened of his race, but also of the thinking white people of Georgia. Georgians thought that the days of incitements to race hatred and other forms of Negro prejudice had ended, but now the bigoted white Georgians are being appealed to in a more direct way than the Klan appealed to them, for the Klan strove only to keep the Negro from running the laws of the state; a more direct way than the Supreme Kingdom, which strove only to place the Baptist God above all science; for this new organization touches the lean pocketbook of the white and lays the cause of his unemployment directly at the door of the Negro.

EDWIN TRIBBLE.

Washington Notes

AS THE fall campaign reaches the stage of real activity, the absurdity of the American party system becomes increasingly plain. Both party committees make a tremendous clatter, assailing, defending and explaining, but altogether without logic, consistency or even coherence. The whole business is a gigantic bluff, a hollow sham. That the stuff we are getting can be solemnly peddled to the people through the press is both a tribute to the gullibility of the voters and to the lack of political discrimination and clarity in the newspapers. Both party organizations, without explanation, excuse or attempt to reconcile their position, support Wets and Drys, high-protectionists and low-tariffites, liberals and conservatives, World Court and anti-World Court candidates, advocates of the debenture plan of farm relief and its opponents. There is between them not a single issue or principle or idea. It is a great joke, but not many people see it clearly enough to laugh.

Take the facts on the Republican side: Here is a party organization with a Dry little chairman, selected as an administration supporter and with complete White House approval, urging the election in various states of candidates who stand against everything the unfortunate Hoover stands for, and who, if elected, can be depended upon to attack him and his administration much more virulently and violently than their Democratic opponents. And coöperating with the amiable and smug Mr. Fess in this administration effort to elect Republicans who will oppose the Republican administration is the Honorable Mr. Moses, chairman of the Senatorial Committee, who, not so many months ago, referred with contumely and contempt to some of those whom he now supports. But in his heart he hopes they will be ditched, for he looks upon their assumption of the Republican label as an indecent piece of cheek.

Actually, neither Mr. Moses and Mr. Fess on the one side, nor Mr. Shouse and Mr. Raskob on the other, will have any appreciable effect upon the elections in any state this fall. Whatever money each side raises and distributes is offset by the money of the other side; and in an off-year campaign, the money collections, even of the Republican party, are meager and inadequate in comparison with those of the presidential years. With anything except money contributions, neither party organization is capable of affecting the situation one way or another. In off years, candidates for the Senate and the House, like candidates for Governor and mayor, are elected or defeated because of local conditions and personal strength and weakness, but not on the basis of national issues. It is true that unemployment and business depression create a tendency to vote against the party in power. That and the inevitable back swing of the pendulum in the off year mean an increase in the Democratic membership of the next House.

However, the best informed and most practical men of both parties with whom I have talked here do not believe that Republican control of the House will be lost. Those who cherish this notion make the mistake of looking at the situation nationally and not locally. In an election such as this, the local view is the only real view, and that differs

in every state. As an illustration, take conditions in Massachusetts and New Jersey. In the first it is pretty well agreed that the pious friend of Mr. Coolidge, William Morgan Butler, the Republican candidate for the Senate, will again get a splendid trimming, not because he is a Republican, not because he is Calvin's friend, not because he speaks well, though guardedly, of Herbert, but because he could not get away from the Dry side and his state is overwhelmingly Wet. On the other hand, the election of Mr. Morrow as a Republican in New Jersey is conceded, and the Democrat has hardly a chance, though he is Wetter than Mr. Morrow. Nothing that the national or senatorial committee of either party can do will in the least degree affect the result in these two states. Nor will either the business situation or Mr. Hoover have anything to do with the results.

Out in Illinois the conditions are even more local, and the gestures of the national chairmen, the sending of so-called national speakers and the distribution of headquarters literature in that state are completely ineffectual and meaningless. It is a great Republican state, and the Republican senatorial candidate and most of the Republican House candidates should be elected. Probably they will be, but certain purely local conditions inject an element of doubt which makes the senatorial fight particularly interesting. There is not the ghost of an issue, in the national sense, between the candidates. They are both anti-World Court and high protective tariff. One praises the President and the other assails him, but with equal futility and lack of conviction. There are but two things in the fight—one, that the Republican candidate is a woman; the other, that she has been a Dry in a state that seems Wet. That is all they are interested in in Illinois. Prejudice one way or another about putting a woman in the United States Senate and the attitude toward prohibition will sway the voters; but nothing else will. The normal Republican majority, which is very large, should give Mrs. McCormick the better chance, despite the handicap of her sex and the unpleasant notoriety about her campaign expenditures. So far as the latter are concerned, they make interesting reading in the newspapers and furnish the pink-whiskered Mr. Lewis with colorful material for his speeches, but I do not believe they will affect very many voters, though they should. Nor, in my judgment, will they bar her from her Senate seat, if elected.

If Mrs. McCormick should be beaten, I think her obvious and not admirable straddling on prohibition will be the reason. It has been the experience everywhere in the past that the candidates who have straddled this issue and tried to get support from Wets and Drys have incurred the resentment of both sides and have suffered heavily at the polls. The Honorable Joseph Frelinghuysen, in New Jersey, is one shining illustration, but there are plenty of others. In these days you have to be one thing or the other. Mrs. McCormick's reliance upon the referendum will not, in my judgment, better her situation. To the Drys it proves that she is not really with them and cannot be depended upon. To the Wets, that she does not believe in their cause but has timidly trimmed her sails. In brief, it exhibits Mrs. McCormick as lacking convictions on a great public question, and appreciably diminishes her prestige as a woman, a statesman and a leader. It leaves her exposed as a practical office-seeking politician with whom expediency is the main consideration. Moreover, I think she will be pretty miserable before the campaign ends, as the inevitable question from her opponents will be, "Mrs. McCormick, it is true you are a candidate, but you are also a voter. How do you intend to vote on this referendum—Wet or Dry?" She will have to answer and she will have to answer Dry, which will leave her in exactly the same situation, so far as the Wets are concerned, as if she had said nothing about abiding by the referendum at all. She will have lost the respect of the Drys without having gained Wet votes. She will also have lost her reputation as a woman of political courage and conviction. She probably will win, for with her money in that state, she should. But she will have paid a price for victory in things other than money which to some would make it seem hardly worth while. Further, I am not sure that she can win, and failure would make her situation very bad indeed.

I dwell upon the Illinois contest at length because, better than any other, it illustrates the point I wish to make of the overshadowing importance of local conditions and personalities and the infinitesimal figure that national issues and personages will play. It would be easy to cite other states, because in a minor degree it is true of all of them. These facts, however, will not diminish the loquacity of the gentlemen at the head of the various party committees, who will continue to hand out their canned interviews and statements dealing with things that in no way concern the voters or affect the votes. But that's the game. That is the way it always has been played and probably always will be played. If they did not keep up the bluff they could not raise any money, and without money there would be no fun in the business at all. Also, if for a minute these party chairmen and publicity directors conceded that they are without influence and that these off-year elections are exclusively local affairs, all their pumped-up self-importance would vanish and the correspondents would not come to see them. And a party chairman whom the correspondents did not regularly visit would be a pitiable person indeed.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Orpheus and the Ether

There was no song once; on Olympus' height
The cold cloud-ministers of majesty
Measured their utterance slowly as a tree
Develops its tall thought; the gods made Light
Profoundly. Sitting in Unbeing's sight
Chose out of chaos what they willed to be.
Minute by minute through Eternity
They built the huge black body of the Night.
And when it stood, from cell to chromosphere,
And star to star answered with blinding gas,
The triumph was majestic, but not dear—
The high gods faced a heavenly impasse.
The creature freed creation from disgrace;
He made a song that cannot end in space.

JOHN MALTA.

A Farewell to Dramatization

A Farewell to Arms, based on Ernest Hemingway's novel, by Laurence Stallings. National Theater, September 22, 1930.

FOR A LONG time it has been a platitude that turning novels into plays is a thankless job. It is something like lecturing to a university audience. If you are profoundly erudite they say you lack spirit, if you have any animation and life they say you are, of course, not very scholarly. It is like playing the piano when you have a sore finger; well, people say, of course it was nice of him to play, and his finger was sore of course, but we don't think he could play much anyhow. When you dramatize a novel and somehow catch it surely into play form, what you do is merely taken for granted; the credit goes to the novelist. When you muff the novel, you are cursed for your pains, and to this is added the likelihood that many people who have never thought about the novel one way or another suddenly find that it was the most marvelous book they ever read.

Of Mr. Hemingway's novels, "A Farewell to Arms" let us say, it might early seem that they would be easy to turn into stage form. Not only easy; it might even seem that page after page, scene after scene, of that Hemingway dialogue stands ready for the stage, could merely be transferred bodily to the play. As a matter of fact nothing could be more misleading.

There are a good many pages where Mr. Hemingway is doing what we know as getting away with murder. Short statements saying pretty little presuppose a profound meaning in the silences, to which we are more or less persuaded—if we are persuaded—by those other passages, written in the same method, in which he achieves beautiful, unique and glowing effects. There are, furthermore, certain brilliant narrative passages, mannered, etched like a sparse drawing, but these can only suggest effects, and only halfway provide material for a play. There is, also, the somewhat adolescent brave obscenity, better than most of the stage kind because more sincerely used and more imaginatively placed in the revelation of character and event. And there are the fine spots where the silences effected are rich and full, the rhythm strange and lovely, the combinations startling, the transitions not mere holes but highly imagined connections in mood and inner current. But these passages in the novel, taken strictly as they stand, are not suited to the stage at all. Though they appear to be direct and actable, they are in reality not so much dramatic as lyric. A kind of graphic lyricism. Their spell is in their glowing starkness, their pitiless powers of repetition, their sharp revelation of character now and then, their infectious cadence, their poetic reduction of the moment to its simplest line and passion of life. Much of this excellence belongs very little to the stage, the silences especially. Where, in the novel, you may go on fancying wonders, turning yourself into the writer's echo and amplifier, imagining that you are imagining all the warm wonders of passion and the heart, of frankness, naturalness and freedom, on the stage you must take into account the actors, who are the necessary vehicle by which the thing is conveyed, and are not the immaterial print plus the spell and conjuration that may arise in you. If the piece were something in the Maeterlinck manner, full of self-conscious, pregnant and boundless pauses for things unsaid, the case might be different. But the surface of Mr. Hemingway's style is always realistic, even though his work may be always at bottom poetic and distilled. On the stage a large portion of this effect is impossible. The personality of the player, the visible, definite scene, the assertion of reality, together with the stylized elimination of the method, cut down half one's chances of success.

Something more of this silence and inevitable point of Mr. Hemingway's novel Mr. Stallings might have wisely retained. As it was, he had a great deal more of it than his director, Mr. Mamoulian, with his hard driving, allowed to appear. For the first two of the three acts, Mr. Stallings preserves as much of the original material as you could ask. In the last act he leaves the book, and combines diverse parts of it, as faithfully as he can, into one. While the Italian retreat is in progress, the firing, bombing, trumpets, desertions and shooting going on, Catherine Barkley lies in the next room giving birth to her child, and is at the last brought in on a stretcher to die. This, of course, leaves out the hero's escape by jumping into the river, leaves out the escape with Catherine into Switzerland and many other events, but it is hard to see how he could have swum the swift current on the boards of the National Theater, or rowed, with dawn, mountains, water and vast suspense, across the lake into Switzerland. I do think, however, that more of the scene between the dying woman and her lover might wisely have been retained and a good share of the soldier scene, the parting orderlies and so on, left out. Some of these characters bob up all through the book, are dear to the author and interesting to us; but they have not been stressed enough in the play to become suddenly interesting at the very last and in the presence of the personal tragedy of the two lovers.

In the hospital scene of the second act Mr. Stallings achieved some brilliant play writing, every bit as good as the novel, and to my mind much better, as well as being much more difficult to contrive in theater terms than it was in fiction. To come down to tacks, I think it was an excellent bit of practice and exercise in dramaturgy for Mr. Stallings to labor at dramatizing "A Farewell to Arms." It is, for example, an engaging problem as to what to do in making a scene out of some such passage as might say there was fighting up ahead, cries of wounded men, and I could hear the cannon. The dramatist cannot send somebody out in front of the curtain to say these selected words; good or bad as the case may be, he has to write a scene out of it. But otherwise it was none too profitable a piece of work. Mr. Stallings' talent is different from Mr. Hemingway's, wordier, for one thing. But this in itself is not necessarily a quality that is inferior compared to the elimination practised by Mr. Hemingway. At their very worst, one quality may become excessive, ineffective and surfeiting, where the other becomes specious, barren, elusive and flattering; in neither case, at low level, is there anything to brag about. On the whole I found the play, despite the drag of much of the last act, interesting all through. The scene where the hero and the English nurse —she in a hysterical trance after her fiancé's death and because of the strain of the life around her—meet for the

first time, and fall into each other's arms, came off quite as convincingly, thanks partly to the acting, and gave us that same quality as in the novel, a sense of incredibility and at the same time of profound, elemental truth—Ernest Hemingway at his best. In the scene that closes the first act, the dressing of the hero's wound, the excellence of what would be a defect, if the Hemingway scarcity of words is to be preserved, appears in its brightest light. In this scene—almost wholly the dramatist's creation—the stream of words, the jumble of emotions and vocabulary, the themes of pain, love, affection, the claims for the honor of having got the man drunk because they loved him and he was in pain, the talk about the decoration, the lies proposed to get it with, the denials, the raucous lyricism, the high half-pathetic and half-comic energy and abundance, all this lies within Mr. Stallings' theater talent. It is what can give one of the things most needed in our theater: texture. Texture, fertility, richness, something of that incoherent exactitude of what is alive, a theater gift so well known to the Elizabethans, so scarce in the mere journalism, infecund realism and child-mindedness that for the most part make up our stage. A wonderful thing to see the curtain descend on such high abundance and poetic gusto!

Mr. Mamoulian's directing of "A Farewell to Arms" had some remarkable moments, now and again a group, or a piece of business: for one instance, the way in which Catherine, when her lover is gone, runs up on to the bed and buries her head in a burst of grief instead of the usual falling sidewise on the bed. Too often, however, Mr. Mamoulian's work was bad; too monotonously and joylessly speeded up, too many hard, sudden lights and shadows, too much repetition in the stresses of the speech, and obvious monotony in the rhythm of the English spoken by all the Italians. It is the kind of assertive directing that arrives at the point of astonishing expediency and then gets no final just subordination and essence.

As to Mr. Glenn Anders' portrayal of the hero, the way to start is to ask who could have done it any better. The faults are those occurring in the more sententious places, that talk on the bed, for instance, which is pretty bad acting and pretty bad Hemingway. Mr. Anders doubtless has to struggle against the portrait of the hero that is in most people's minds: that of the novelist himself, whose open-throated pictures are now well known, and whose abstention from any upkeep of his celebrity by a circulation around New York has added to the somewhat romantic impression of him that has got about. The hero of the novel has a warm fatalism where Mr. Anders gives us rather a certain sensitive impulsiveness. But there is a great section of the character that he understands as few others would, for its basic poetry and a kind of animal delicacy of perception, a cleansing brutalism, a certain intensity that is strangely nourished at the same time by the earth and the spirit, and blown darkly and lustily about the heart of life.

The part of Catherine Barkley, made credible in the novel only by stripping everything down to that single rich stream, human and mad, that the time and place allowed, is now entirely and wonderfully satisfying when transferred to the stage by Miss Elissa Landi, an English actress new to us. What she could do with another role remains to be seen. Except for that moment at the window, while the rain fell outside and she nerves herself to tell her lover that she is going to have a child—a dubious passage at best and much too writhingly directed—she is always right in her performance, and fortunately cast.

The smaller characters were, as plays go, better cast than usual; Mr. Mortimer Weldon, as the engaging doctor, a fat part, carried off the honors; Mr. Armand Cortez, as his asinine substitute, gave, after the two principal players, the best performance of the evening. Mr. Wood's provision for the settings was skimped and poor, and serves to show how easily one may be mawkish in the theater without being munificent.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Can Mr. Pepper Speeka da Engleesh?

SIR: In the second of his articles on "Communism in America," Mr. J. B. S. Hardman discusses John Pepper, until recently representative of the Third Internationale in America. Mr. Hardman narrates that in 1923, Pepper laid out a course of action for the Communists with regard to an American Labor party, and makes the flat statement that Pepper spoke no English. It seems to me apropos to state that on Christmas day of 1922, I spent the evening discussing the problems of the world with John Pepper, in the home of Robert Minor, then in Chicago. On that occasion Pepper spoke English fluently for four or five hours, and revealed a widely read and highly cultivated intelligence.

Pasadena, Calif. UPTON SINCLAIR.

SIR: I should intensely dislike to find myself in disagreement with Mr. Upton Sinclair on any issue of consequence. The relatively unimportant discrepancy between my statement with reference to Mr. John Pepper's ability to speak English and Mr. Sinclair's impression of the matter may be explained by either one or all of the following considerations:

(1) Perhaps Mr. Pepper mastered English between the beginning of December, 1922, when I met him at the Cleveland Conference for Progressive Political Action, and Christmas day of the same year. To the "widely read and highly cultivated intelligence" of Mr. Pepper, such a feat would hardly be an impossibility. There were vital things at stake at the Cleveland conference and both Mr. Pepper and I were actively involved. Still he insisted on speaking German to me, though the best I could do was to try to understand him and answer him in English. I am inclined to think that he, too, tried to understand me, though the subsequent result did not warrant my confidence. In February or March of 1923, when I met Mr. Pepper again, our exchanges still continued to be German-English.

(2) Perhaps it was the opportunity of being allowed to talk for four or five hours that called forth his dormant linguistic powers. In my case he would never talk longer than an hour and a half or two, before his conversational powers would be exhausted.

(3) Perhaps Mr. Sinclair was under the spell of the season on that Christmas day and did not demand too much of Mr. Pepper.

(4) The "course of action for the Communists with regard to an American Labor party," which Mr. Pepper laid out, and to which Mr. Sinclair refers, was proposed some time late in September or early in October, 1922, soon after the Bridgman, Michigan, Convention of the Communist party, of which Mr. Pepper was the delegated leader.

Of course, it is of no importance at all whether or not a certain gentleman could or could not speak English: he could not see English, or American, to be exact, and that was the important fact in my narrative and analysis of Communism in America.

J. B. S. HARDMAN.

New York City.

What Next in the Mooney-Billings Case?

SIR: Even though like Mrs. de Ford I see, on the basis of the recent Billings hearing, little reason to believe that the forthcoming decision of the supreme court will be favorable to the defense, I wish to protest against the sort of defeat and despair implied in the closing paragraph of her article in The New Republic of September 10. To assume, as she does, that "the political career of any Governor who pardons Mooney and Billings is over" seems an altogether unwarranted position to take at this time. In the first place, no one knows how strong, either numerically or morally, the Mooney supporters are. (It is not amiss to point out, however, that in the recent primary, Governor Young may have been defeated and Rolph nominated by the votes of some 25,000 or more individuals who chose Rolph as the most favorably disposed of the three candidates.) But the chief objection to her assumption is that it magnifies the political courage necessary to free these men. No doubt a powerful minority of San Francisco industrialists desires to see its stiff-necked anti-union policies vindicated, but its influence is counterbalanced by that of labor. The worst that can be said about the mass of voters is that they are simply indifferent or uninformed. A pardon for Mooney means little to them one way or the other.

Where are those who on August 22 were resolving that Sacco and Vanzetti had not died in vain? Is liberal opinion to desert Mooney and Billings at the first intimation of defeat in their recent hearing? In spite of the odds presented by the cynical indifference and inertia of a part of the California electorate, to say nothing of the contemptible propaganda spread by such papers as The San Francisco Chronicle, anyone giving a moment's thought to the situation must conclude that in the activity of liberals in the next few months lies the fate of Mooney and Billings—as well as a large share of the cause of justice generally. A new Governor is to be elected in November who will hold office for four years. He will have the power to pardon Mooney. It is highly improbable of course that any major-party candidate for Governor can be induced to declare himself in favor of a pardon for Mooney or that any candidate for the supreme court will advocate reopening the Billings case, if the forthcoming decision is adverse. This much is certain, however. No politician will take any more interest in the case than he is forced to take. And is this not the function of liberalism—to keep the case alive and prevent a shameful betrayal of justice by the equivocation or evasion of the major parties?

How can this best be done? Surely not without a concerted and organized effort on the part of every enlightened individual, organization and institution throughout the United States. But with such an effort between now and January 6, when the new Governor takes office, may it not be possible to focus a more compelling interest upon the case than has heretofore existed.

Could not the Socialist party and the League for Independent Political Action be called in to act as the central agency in organizing this effort? Or, in the event that these bodies are already pursuing such a course, cannot The New Republic, together with other liberal journals, more actively publicize the movement and in this way aid in combining it with others similar in scope and purpose, i. e., the Mooney-Billings Defense Committee, etc.? In other words, cannot all American liberals for once band together into some sort of an effective working organization instead of remaining merely a diffuse and disgruntled body of opinion?

If this were done then perhaps Judge Griffin, Franklin Hichborn, Duncan Matheson and numerous others would take heart and lead in a supreme effort in behalf of these men. Perhaps with such support, Fremont Older might again become the militant editor who on numerous occasions has aroused San Francisco public opinion to action practically single-handed. No doubt, too, the Scripps-Howard papers, which have, more than any other agency, got the case before the national public, would afford the movement national publicity.

With such support is it too much to hope that an organized protest in the form of a national and state petition might be drawn up, large and influential enough to impress upon a new Governor the strength and justness of the movement?

At a time when from all sides we hear of the encroachments upon liberty, when we are constantly being shown the alarming docility and standardization of public opinion, as well as the apparent impotence of liberalism in America, it seems as if those from whom these protests arise should do more than bewail their lot. Cannot the Mooney case somehow be made the rallying point for an organized protest—a medium for crystallizing diffuse opinion into a plan of action? The New Republic has intimated as much in the past. Can it not use its columns and good offices to fulfill its promise?

Berkeley, Calif. H. JAY GRAHAM.

The Hurricane's Aftermath

SIR: There is a frightful situation in Santo Domingo as a result of the hurricane, the worst in the history of the West Indies. Ninety percent of the buildings of the city were destroyed. It is estimated that at least 4,000 bodies have been burned on the beaches. Additional reports just received by the Board for Christian Work in Santo Domingo, a coöperative agency sustaining Christian work, enlarge previous estimates of terrible losses.

The International Hospital and Social Center conducted by this Board, the only ones in the city with trained nurses, were largely destroyed and homes of workers demolished. But our doctors and nurses have opened up temporary hospital and baby feeding stations in improvised quarters and are coöperating with the Red Cross. The American superintendent of the hospital writes: "The number of wounded is almost unimaginable—well over 15,000, I think. People are still coming to the hospitals for first dressings after eleven days! Many are dying of gangrene. Dead bodies are still being found. We will never know how many dead there are. Hundreds of bodies have been burnt and others have been thrown in old wells and cisterns. I heard the order given the second day for throwing about twenty bodies in an old cistern in the section a few blocks above the church. We are feeding an average of 600 babies daily in the old hospital." Mr. John Vance, former Deputy General Receiver of Customs in Santo Domingo, cables that tropical rains have set in and increase the distress and disease.

If any of your readers care to assist us in relieving this distress, they may address the Board for Christian Work in Santo Domingo, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Checks should be made payable to Dwight H. Day, Treasurer.

S. G. INMAN,
New York City. Secretary.

The Rand School Opens

SIR: On October 6, the Rand School of Social Science opens its twenty-fifth year. The program announced for the coming year is in line with the school's whole development. Chief stress is laid on the Workers' Training Course, a systematic course of training for trade unionists and workers in the field of socialist and progressive politics. A system of scholarships makes it possible for those of the most limited means to avail themselves of the advantages of study under excellent teachers. But cultural studies have by no means been overlooked. The school recognizes the fact that man cannot live by bread alone and that economic development is not all of life. It hopes, however, that the studies of literature, psychology, history and fine arts carried on under its auspices are definitely vitalized by this recognition of the unity of human growth.

One series of lectures, announced under the title of "American Civilization Today," indicates that the school has the coöperation of a large group of intellectual leaders and social experts. The plan for these lectures was prepared by Professor Charles A. Beard as a piece of group thinking. They will constitute, in effect, a symposium on the technique and the social results of the current revolution in the conduct and management of industry. Nineteen lectures, beginning on October 20 and running to March 2, will analyze what has actually happened in the industrial field and what have been its accomplishments in social organization, in philosophy and the arts.

WILLIAM E. BOHN,
New York City. Educational Director.

South American Revolutionists

The Life of Miranda, by William Spence Robertson. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 2 vols. 633 pages. $7.50.

Bolívar, the Passionate Warrior, by T. R. Ybarra. New York: Ives Washburn. 365 pages. $4.

THESE two works combined give an account of the revolt of the northern South American colonies of Spain, from the initial signal given by Miranda in his renunciation of the Spanish service in 1783, to the final victory won by Bolívar's lieutenant, José Sucre, at Ayacucho in the Peruvian Andes, December 9, 1824. Miranda's portion contains his journeys to the newly independent republic of the North American colonies, to Russia, where he courted the favor of Catherine the Great, to France, where he participated in the Revolution, commanded a division under Dumouriez at Neerwinden, and was tried by the Revolutionary tribunal for complicity in his commander's defeat and treason, and finally his long residence in London, seeking British intervention, his house a rendezvous for South American refugees who kept alive the smoldering and sporadic revolt. This story, told with extreme detail and careful documentation by Dr. Robertson, has a direct bearing on the outcome of the struggle for South American independence. Miranda, however ambiguous his reasons for his early quarrel with Spain, became a consecrated vessel of colonial wrath against the tyranny of the mother country. In his visit to North America he studied political science in the making and learned the difference between the political capacities of descendants of England and those of Spain. He also interested business men in the possibilities of South American trade, with the embargo of Spain removed. In France he saw revolution in action, and dreamed of its extension to his native land. In London he intrigued with the British ministers, from Pitt to Castlereagh, and won the support of British merchants, dazzled by the lure of trade.

This part of the story is interesting for the sidelights which it casts on British foreign politics. It is significant that Dr. Robertson's unique command of material comes from the sixty-three volumes of Miranda's papers, seized by Lord Bathurst, the British Foreign Secretary, and kept among his private effects until the present holder of the title permitted their examination. For twenty years the British ministers kept Miranda as a pawn in a game which was not his, and during most of the time paid him a regular stipend. For the exile these were years of endless spinning of plots, of eager hopes, repeatedly and unexpectedly thwarted, of sickening failure. The prospects of British intervention in South America rose and fell according to the relations between England and Spain. When the Spanish King, Charles IV, resigned in favor of Joseph Bonaparte, the cause seemed gained, but the rallying of the Spaniards to Ferdinand VII and the opening of the Peninsular War changed the face of things, and the liberal gestures of the Spanish Cortes brought uncertainty into the minds of the revolutionists. The conflict between the legitimate Spanish authority, thus transferred to the French, and the national uprising in favor of Ferdinand VII, however, gave the South American revolt a definite impetus.

The British ministry, in spite of its distrust, could not prevent Miranda from hastening to Venezuela in 1810, where his influence prevailed in altering a declaration of loyalty to Ferdinand VII to a declaration of independence. For two years he was the chief figure and ultimately the dictator of the First Venezuelan Republic. As general of the republican forces, however, he showed disastrous ineptitude, and finally signed a capitulation to Monteverde, who led the forces of Ferdinand VII. In these years he had his only contact with Simón Bolívar, who was born at Caracas in 1783, the year of Miranda's exile. Whether or not the dictator was jealous of his young compatriot, he failed to make use of his military talent, and when, after the capitulation, he proposed to escape from the country, Bolívar headed a group of insurgent officers who arrested him and turned him over to the Spaniards. He died in a Spanish dungeon at Cadiz, July 14, 1816, taking to the grave a load of broken hopes and despairing self-reproach such as few men have borne. The fruit of these long years of apparent futility was not gathered until many years later. Miranda gave the South American colonies a place in international politics, and it cannot be doubted that he contributed to the orientation of British and American policy which took form in the joint product of Canning and John Quincy Adams known as the Monroe Doctrine. Thus, he who gave the first signal of revolution, placed the final seal of permanence upon independence.

The narrative, as Mr. Ybarra takes it up, assumes a different color and tempo. Instead of political intrigue we have action. Bolívar did not depend on foreign intervention. Using New Granada as a base he led an army across the mountains into Venezuela; and then ensued twelve years of the most desperate fighting, extending from the borders of Guiana all the way around the northwest corner of South America as far as Southern Peru, now Bolivia. It was a war of incredible hardships, of forced marches through swamps and over mountain ranges, a war not only against the armies of Spain, veterans of the peninsular campaign, but among the colonists themselves, a war marked by swift alternations from despair to delirious triumph, by unexampled savagery and treachery. In the end Bolívar emerged for a brief time as President of the Republic of Colombia, comprising Venezuela, New Granada and Ecuador, Dictator of Peru and Bolivia, and with the grandiose dream of a pan-American union. Five years later Colombia had fallen apart, and Bolívar, again an exile from Venezuela, died lamenting the futility of political independence without character or capacity to use it, in his words "We have ploughed the sea."

Both Miranda and Bolívar recognized the essential difference in character and political morale between the revolutionary colonists of North and those of South America. They themselves illustrate this difference; in comparison with Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, John Adams, they show as bizarre and exotic figures, with meretricious ornament of Corinthian rhetoric, and sometimes the distorted forms of Punic faith. More important, however, are their differences from each other in character and career, by virtue of which they anticipate the subsequent history of the countries which they freed. Miranda was an intellectual, a doctrinaire, an idealist. He was thoroughly of the period of the French Revolution. In the comment of his contemporaries appear without stint such phrases as "elevation in ideas," "grandeur of character," "incorruptible virtue," "sublime energy," "flaming desire to overthrow thrones and bestow the blessings of freedom on millions of his fellow men." In short, as Dr. Robertson remarks, he represented an idea, and partook of its splendor. He was a man of books, a constant reader of the classics and of military science; upon the former he modeled his public appearance, upon the latter, his strategy in the field. In both politics and generalship he failed in practice. As an exile he was

adroit and supple, a master of intrigue; but in power he showed the arrogance and incompatibility of the doctrinaire. As for his soldiership, it was said of him that he would rather lose a battle than win it contrary to the rules of strategy. Bolívar, on the contrary, was primarily a soldier, with extraordinary resourcefulness in guerilla warfare, with constant reliance on boldness of attack and unlimited confidence in the superhuman endurance of his followers. The chances which he took successfully, the hardships which he imposed on his armies, make Trenton and Valley Forge seem like a children's game of war. He was frank and generous in his intercourse with his companions-in-arms, winning their devotion and at need dominating them by sheer force of personality. If Miranda played the part of Mazzini in the South American revolt, Bolívar took that of Garibaldi. It remains the tragedy of the continent that it produced no Cavour to integrate their efforts.

The difference between North American character and South American, and something of the difference in subject matter between the two phases of the South American revolution typified by Miranda and Bolívar, are exemplified in the two books before us. Dr. Robertson writes like a historian, with careful documentation and caution in interpretation. Indeed, he seems never quite able to make up his mind in regard to Miranda's character. His analysis reveals all the facts, but he does not presume to go behind Miranda's own explanation of them, and he admits that Miranda was a poseur. To what extent he deceived himself and was conscious of his deception is a fascinating problem which Dr. Robertson handles with extreme reserve. Psychoanalysis has no place in his method. Mr. Ybarra, on the other hand, flings himself at his subject as Bolívar's cavalry flung themselves on the Spanish columns. He takes his hero by storm. He uses his materials recklessly, dramatizing incidents of the battlefield, and drawing freely upon legends which we suspect have no greater authenticity than the "Up guards and at 'em" of Wellington at Waterloo.

We grow fairly weary of his lyrical questions, exclamations and refrains, as of his constant calculations of the vastness of Bolívar's conquests in terms of France plus Germany plus Italy. It is to be said, however, that Bolívar lived in the rhetoric of the Napoleonic era, as Miranda in that of the Revolution; and the distinctive phase of the South American revolution which distinguishes it from the Greek revolt against the Turks, or the Spanish revolt against Napoleon, or even the exploits of Marion and Sumter in the Carolinas, is the immense extent and variety of territory covered. Bolívar's military genius was equally evident in the swamps of the Orinoco, on the *llanos* of upper Venezuela or amid the peaks of the Cordilleras. He led his almost naked armies from the tropic marshes of the Equator to the everlasting snows of the higher Andes. As a captain he fought not only as Napoleon and Washington, but as Caesar, Hannibal and Alexander the Great. Mr. Ybarra has given a broad dramatic picture of these exploits, with abundant color and action suggesting the pictures by South American military painters, with which his book is illustrated. In detail he is sometimes wrong—e.g., Miranda did not serve under Rochambeau, and the Marquis of Wellesley was never Premier of Great Britain. And behind his story there certainly remains a mass of unexplored material. Probably the historian of Bolívar's period must go to Spain, as Dr. Robertson to England. At all events, Mr. Ybarra has performed a useful service by demonstrating that the history of South America remains as unfinished as its political institutions.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Money-Making as a Religion

The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism, by Max Weber. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 292 pages. $3.

WE ARE so accustomed to the economic explanation of social institutions that it strikes us with amazement to be told that economic facts and economic motives are themselves not primary, but also require an explanation. It is just such amazement that the late Max Weber created in the camp of economists and historians when he published this essay twenty-five years ago, and it is just such amazement that the book will again create in the minds of the larger public to which this translation will make Weber's thought available.

The origin of modern capitalism is usually explained in economic terms. The chief role is ascribed to the influx of precious metals from America and to the accumulation of capital from extra-European commerce. It is taken as a fact that the capitalist mentality was already there and that the only thing needed was the means to make it function; or rather it is quietly assumed that human nature has always been the same from time immemorial and that the human factor may be left out of account in any explanation of economic development.

It is just this human factor that requires an explanation in the case of capitalism. The spirit of capitalistic enterprise was not always regarded as respectable. How did it become so? Is it the accumulation of money that made money-making respectable? Without denying that economic conditions in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were in some respects favorable to the development of the capitalistic economic technique, Weber points out that accumulations of capital have existed at other times, but the spirit of capitalistic enterprise was lacking. Moreover, he remarks, the new order found its most congenial home not always in the countries that enjoyed the highest economic development. In colonial America, where the economy was threatening to relapse into primitive barter because of the lack of ready money, the spirit of modern capitalism existed even before the founding of capitalistic enterprise which finally gave it expression. In the France of Louis XIV, where the economic resources were vast for the time, capitalism did not develop.

Weber's contention is not merely that the activity of money-making, frowned upon during the Middle Ages, received social approval as a result of the Protestant Reformation: it is that the type of money-making enterprise characteristic of capitalism received its constitutive spirit from the religious outlook of Protestantism, especially from Calvinism. The spirit of capitalism is for Weber far from identical with the unbridled love of gain: it is rather the rational and methodical exploitation of the expectation of profit, with the emphasis on the methodical exploitation rather than on the profit. It is, in other words, the spirit of asceticism applied to the conduct of economic affairs. This "worldly asceticism" is traced—rather plausibly—to the influence of the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination, an influence which extended far beyond the strictly Calvinistic churches. At first sight the dogma of predestination might seem to take away all virtue from worldly activity, but inasmuch as it was by their works and by the methodical organization of their life that the elect could be distinguished from the damned, the doctrine led psychologically to a religious sanctification of diligent business activity. It made idleness a sin, industry a religious injunction.

The purpose of Weber's essay was not to glorify capitalism, although his tracing of the connection with the ethics of Protestantism does render more justice to the rational and even moral character of capitalistic economy than its critics will admit. Weber himself points out how the preaching of the religion of industry to the worker and the employer alike coincided with the interest of the employer. He also remarks that "what the great religious epoch of the seventeenth century bequeathed to its utilitarian successor was above all an amazingly good, we may even say a pharisaically good, conscience in the acquisition of money, so long as it took place legally."

What really emerges from a reading of Weber's essay is the feeling that economic facts and institutions are cultural phenomena, more or less responsive to the ethical aspirations of men. It is true that once an institution is formed it functions automatically, so that today men who have had no part in the formation of the capitalist ethic must either conform or go under in the struggle for existence. None the less it is comforting to realize that the capitalistic outlook has not always existed. What comes into being in time eventually goes out in time.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG.

Get Hot!

Touch Me Not, by Vincent McHugh. New York: Cape and Smith. $2.50.

The Whipping, by Roy Flannagan. New York: Cape and Smith. $2.

Strangers May Kiss, by Ursula Parrott. New York: Cape and Smith. $2.

The Gentleman from America, by Polan Banks. New York: Cape and Smith. $2.50.

Ride the Nightmare, by Ward Greene. New York: Cape and Smith. $2.

THESE five novels happen to have been published by the same house, but that is merely a convenient accident. For they give a very fair cross section of the kind of hot-weather reading our up-and-coming publishers have been handing out. How shall we name this species of exceedingly fictitious fiction? To call it pornographic would be to break a butterfly upon a wheel; aphrodisiac would be misleading. No, these representatives of American entertainment, like their physical counterpart, petting, are only titillating. Very unsatisfactory, of course, and perhaps not too good for the nervous system, but nothing to pass a law about.

One of them, "Touch Me Not," must immediately be absolved from the gravity of this light charge. This novel —or, as its author prefers to subtitle it, these "Four Writs of a Curt Picaresque"—concerns Love, the warranted romantic article. I am sure Canon Chase would agree with me that the others concern something quite different. The hero of "Touch Me Not" is a needy undergraduate, sound in mind and limb, who supports life through the summer by working at a New England seaside amusement park, and falls desperately in love with a pretty girl of those parts, rumored to be not altogether intact. The young man has ample opportunities for proving the rumor correct, but his love has given his faith such persistence that eventually, and after passing through many adolescent hells, he proves his point. The story ends, as it must, at the summer's end. It should be said to Mr. McHugh's credit that, in spite of his overloaded, self-conscious, exclamatory style, he eventually manages to bludgeon the reader into conviction. Gradually, and in spite of almost constant offenses against the common sense of literary taste, the figures of these two desperate lovers are isolated from their hurdy-gurdy background, are almost ennobled. It is hardly fair to quote Mr. McHugh, for any excerpt from his book would perhaps look mildly ridiculous; his sentences put you in mind of a man fighting for his life against an octopus which is really not there. "'You—' he said bitterly. 'You—*noli me tangere,* eh? *Touch me not!* Is that what you mean?' She hissed at him: 'Yessss!' The hateful victory of her calm passive abnegation maddened him. He clutched her shoulders. His mouth hardened into a tight slashed bitter score; and he breathed upon her his thick harsh burly conviction. 'Listen!' he said, with a quiet vindictive bitterness." But aside from its author's unnecessarily contortionist antics, "Touch Me Not" is a respectable book. Its happy inclusion makes it possible to review this hot-weather bundle in such a journal as The New Republic, if only in a spirit of consecrated fun, or (what is perhaps much the same thing) from a strictly sociological, sign-of-the-times angle.

In "The Whipping" a natural-born Phryne-harlot—that daydream of all honest burghers—gets her start in a one-horse Southern town by being visited by the night riders, who administer a deliciously corporal chastisement with one of the member's belts. Marigold, the beautiful whippee, rather enjoys it on the whole, and turns the ensuing publicity to account. From then on she has the pick of the men—including the night riders, of course—and only moves on when pickings appear better elsewhere. Mr. Flannagan has sprinkled his tale with a mild seasoning of satire. Or perhaps it would be juster to say that he has told it with the usual nudging cynicism of a newspaperman.

"Strangers May Kiss," by the no-longer-anonymous author of "Ex-Wife," is the perfect sentimental defense of the Woman Who Pays. The heroine, at a most impressionable age, falls flat for a dashing war correspondent, and is completely happy when she gets him for a night. The rest of her life she lives only for him. Her fairy prince dashes all over the earth, and at intervals of several years reappears for another night. At long last he realizes that she is in love with him, and (the incurable romantic) is about to try to make an honest woman of her. Flu gets her first, and saves him the attempt. Every female muggins who reads this book is guaranteed to dissolve into floods of tears.

"The Gentleman from America" is historical—so much so that in what the author calls his "Prefatory Gesture" learned and even diplomatic gentlemen are thanked for their assistance in necessary research. The book pretends to be the story of Temple Franklin, Ben's bastard grandson, his brief and tragic love affair in Paris, his dutiful abnegation and return to the States when Grandpa calls. It is written in the form of a diary. No doubt, if Temple Franklin kept a diary, it would seem stilted and high-blown, but not hybrid. The book has two good things in it: "Advice to a Young Man" and "The Speech of Polly Baker"—both by Benjamin Franklin.

The fifth and last item, "Ride the Nightmare," is another picaresque novel gone astray. It is the rambling, meaningless story of a rambling, meaningless man whose one claim to distinction (besides his apparently self-advertising virility) is the conviction that he is somebody special. In the course of his wandering amours he happens to marry a very decent girl, who is then given the job of extricating him from his other scrapes and, finally, of dosing him back to life after the attempted suicide which ends the book.

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confronted with five summer novels, not a theory of American fiction. When you consider that any book—yes, any novel—is an achievement, these are really not so bad. For they were all publishable; they are all (what is quite different) readable. Even if they do not exactly hold children from play and old men from the chimney corner, perhaps they will do their bit in the long fight against Satan by cutting in a little on the tabloid press.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

The Palestine Massacre

What Happened in Palestine, by Maurice Samuel. Boston: The Stratford Company. 222 pages. $2.

THERE is no such thing as an unprejudiced witness of human events. If a beholder should, by some miracle, arrive on a scene of action with a blank mind, his first perception would arouse an emotion which could not but affect his second perception. Mr. Samuel, recognizing this inescapable limitation, frankly acknowledges his emotional and rational involvement with the Jewish cause and proceeds with his recital, mindful of his bent, like a conscientious navigator including a sea drift in his calculations. The result is a vivid story, convincing and sincere.

Several points surprise a reader familiar only with American newspaper reports. Of all the attacks made by the Arabs, always in numbers utterly disproportionate to those of the Jews, Mr. Samuel points out that only those succeeded in which the Jews had not the means—that is to say, the weapons—or the will to resist. In all other cases the Arabs were not only held off, but in many instances were beaten back with losses greater than those of the Jews. One hundred and thirty Jews lost their lives. Ninety of these were butchered in the nonresistant Orthodox communities of Hebron and Safad, and in the undefended Motza.

Another point Mr. Samuel repeatedly makes concerns the British. During the attacks made by Arabs on Jews, they issued proclamations which spoke of disturbances breaking out, of Jews and Arabs clashing, leaving it to the imagination of the uninformed to deduce that the attacks were mutual—proclamations which assert that "the search for arms and loot continues in all suspected areas without distinction," as if the Jews were looting, too. Arms were frequently taken from the Jews, with the natural result that when the English left and the Arabs returned, the Jews, who had previously defended themselves successfully, were forced to flee. The most conspicuous instance of this strange neutrality occurred in Jabniel. The village applied to the government for protection. Troops were sent to help defend the place. The attackers dispersed. The British then proceeded to arrest ten Jews, including the Muktar, or head of the village, because they possessed arms. On September 16, three weeks after the beginning of the massacre, forty Jews were being held in prison awaiting charges of murder for being in possession of arms. And yet, if the Jews had not possessed arms, they would have suffered, in nearly every town attacked, the mutilation and castration inflicted at Hebron and Safad.

Besides hampering the Jews' attempts at defending themselves, the police, Mr. Samuel asserts, were ordered, in the beginning when the massacre could easily have been halted, not to fire at all, or to fire into the air. In several cases they stood by while the slaughter was proceeding; in others, they arrived toward the end and easily scattered the mobs they could just as easily have scattered in the begin-

ning. Their attitude impressed the Arabs as being a tacit connivance: in fact, Arab leaders are known to have broadcasted the slogan,—which Arab mobs ran forward shouting—"The government is with us."

All this seems ominous for the future in Palestine, and yet the book ends on a more hopeful note. Mr. Samuel demonstrates that the attack, in so far as it was aimed at Jewish morale, utterly failed. Also he records incidents which imply that some of the Arabs have come to realize that riots do not pay: more is lost in trade than is gained in booty. Zionism, it would seem, may eventually have as peaceful a land in which to unfold, under the British, as it once had under the Turks. HAROLD LOEB.

A Correction

In the article, "Why Tammany Survives," in The New Republic of October 1, reference was made to "next year's" mayoralty campaign in New York City. The next campaign is, of course, that of 1933.

Contributors

H. N. BRAILSFORD, a specialist in foreign affairs, is the author of a number of books, among the most recent of which are "Olives of Endless Age" and "How the Soviet Works."

HORNELL HART and SUSAN M. KINGSBURY, who collaborated in writing the series of articles on "News and the Newspaper," hold professorships in the Department of Social Economy of Bryn Mawr College.

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EDWIN TRIBBLE is Sunday editor of the Macon Telegraph and News.

JOHN MALTA is a carpenter in Carmel, California.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG, whose writings have appeared in various periodicals, is the author of "The Adventure of Science," to be published this month by Simon and Schuster.

T. S. MATTHEWS, the literary editor of Time, recently completed his first novel.

HAROLD LOEB, author of "The Professors Like Vodka," "Tumbling Mustard" and other novels, spent several months of the past year in Palestine.

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STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Daniel Mebane, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The New Republic and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 21, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Law and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Business Manager, Daniel Mebane,
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